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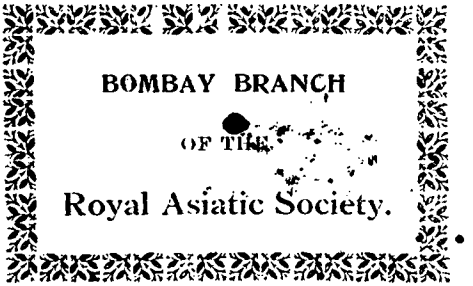

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POLISH ANTHOLOGY.

WYBÓR POEZYI POLSKIÉY.

SPECIMENS

OF

THE POLISH POETS;

WITH

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE LITERATURE OF POLAND.

By JOHN BOWRING.

Narody nie gasną;
Lecz i za mogiłą
Maią bytnoić iasną
Cnot i nauk siła.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

SOLD BY BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY; AND ROWLAND HUNTER.

1827.

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PRINTED BY RICHARD TAYLOR,
RED-LION-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Some explanation is required of the long delay which has attended the publication of this volume.

I had reason to hope that I should have obtained the active co-operation and assistance of several Polish friends, interested in the literary reputation of their country,—but communication is so difficult, and on certain subjects so dangerous, that I have been disappointed; and have felt myself compelled to decide on now ushering these imperfect Specimens into the world, rather than indulge a longer hesitation, which would have led probably to the

total abandonment of my purpose. My determination would have been different, had I seen any chance that abler hands would fill the chasm in foreign literature, which an almost total ignorance of Polish authors has left. All that I can now hope for is, to prepare the way for some future and more intelligent student:—and all that I can promise is, to go on collecting materials, in order to supply hereafter the deficiencies of the present work.

J. B.

PREFACE.

INSTRUCTION is the great legacy which the past bequeaths to the present and the future. The only value of history consists in the lessons of experience,—in the materials of improvement which are to be found in its pages. And happily its important results are all testimonies to the power, and securities for the triumph, of truth and virtue. For the influences of crime and error are only temporary; while time gathers together from among the ruins of vicissitude all the best works of intellectual and moral excellence. Nations themselves are swept away, and lose their independence, their names, and their glories; but even when they cease to be, the common, the universal voice of mankind rescues the memory of their great and their good men from oblivion,

and receives them into a nobler and higher brotherhood than that of national attachment,—into the brotherhood of the elect of our race. A few ages pass by, and the prejudices of local sympathy pass by with them. There is no longer any patriotism in preferring Laud to Fenelon; and Milton may, without offence, be deemed a greater man than Salmasius.

If there be any case in which it is natural to look with peculiar interest to the literary history of nations, it is when, by a series of calamities —and not of crimes,—a people once distinguished has fallen from a high position. To Poland, after ages of national greatness, nothing now remains but her past records and her ancient fame. If recollections of power and thoughts of liberty sometimes pass through the mind of her more gifted children, such emotions must be suppressed; for how should meet utterance be given to them? Poland is now "the shadow of a name;" and that futurity which is so dark, even for happier nations, seems to offer no single ray of hope to those among whom

Kosciuszko wielded a sword never drawn but in the cause of freedom, and to whom Sarbiewski addressed his plaintive musings:

> " Stat tacitus cinis
> Cui serus inscribat viator:
> Cum populo jacet hic et ipso
> Cum Rege Regnum."—Lib. ii. Od. 5.

In preparing this volume, I have often been encouraged by a melancholy pleasure, akin to that with which we remove or lighten the sum of human suffering. Poland as a nation appears sunk for ever. Her provinces partitioned,—her capital occupied by strangers,—her institutions destroyed,—her strength dissipated,—her military virtues turned into any channel which may divert them from the pursuit of their country's independence;—but Poland, forgotten by statesmen and politicians, has some claim on the attention of those who make *mind*, and not territory, the subject of their thoughts. And if I can be instrumental in elevating the *intellectual* reputation of the Poles, then my feelings tell me I shall have done a good work. If these

trifling labours of mine shall find acceptance among my countrymen, I know that their success will carry delight to the bosoms of thousands on the banks of the Dnieper and the Vistula, who feel, but utter not:

"Poloniam quæremus patriam."

But with whatever despondency we may look upon any one portion of the human race,—or with howsoever deep a shadow a particular country may be covered, there can be no doubt that *man*,—as *man*,—is making wonderful advances in all improvement. Individual speculations may be frustrated, and individual hopes be wrecked; whole nations may be the victims of the force of armies or the fraud of courts;—yet it is most certain that the great balance of loss and gain is distinctly in favour of humanity. One temporary defeat of a righteous cause has been made tolerable by a thousand permanent victories;—and the primary truths on which the well-being of mankind depends,—truths which not long ago scarcely a tongue could be found

to utter,—are now recognized through the civilized world.

One fact is singularly illustrative of the improvement of the age, and at the same time most consolatory to the benevolent affections. It is that our sympathies have broken through the narrow walls in which they had been so long imprisoned. In a state of barbarism, the feelings are almost wholly selfish. Our ancestors cared only for themselves, their families, or their tribe. Civilization widens more and more the circle of friendly interest. It communicates the social ardour from man to man, from nation to nation. Philanthropy becomes a dearer, inasmuch as it is a far nobler word than patriotism. Men of all parties have watched with deep anxiety the struggle which is yet in progress between the oppressed and the oppressor,—between the demand for reformation and the old spirit of despotism,—between our own wants and "the wisdom of our ancestors,"—between the claims of the many and the power of the few. The cause is an universal cause,—equally

illustrated by the overthrow of Poland and the triumphs of America.

This is not the place, nor this the occasion, to trace the progress of that flagitious conspiracy which led to the dismemberment of Poland. That the aristocratical form of government among the Poles was pernicious, is most undoubted;—but it was their own,—and popular opinion had already begun to modify and meliorate its character. The pretence that the interference of the first "Holy Alliance" was to benefit the Polish people, was as mendacious as the act itself was abominable. The situation of Poland was such as to excite the jealousy of neighbouring governments; and to this circumstance, no doubt, may be mainly traced that policy which first betrayed and then divided her. Among the nations of Europe she certainly stood only in the second rank; but she occupied the first place among those of Sclavonic origin. The western Sclavonian tribes who inhabited Lusatia, Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and Silesia; the whole kingdoms of

Bohemia and Moravia had merged into the Germanic confederation; those of the South had bowed to the Hungarian and the Turkish yoke. While Russia for more than two centuries was held in bondage by the Tartars, who had extended their dominion from Turkey over the whole of Eastern Europe, and even to the boundaries of China in Northern Asia,—the Poles alone, of all the Sclavonians, remained unsubdued.

It can hardly be deemed surprising that the Polish nation, in their present day of humiliation and sorrow, should fondly dwell upon the old triumphs of their forefathers; that their poets and historians should again and again remind them that Poland had been equally the impassable barrier to the Roman warriors from the South, and the victorious Moslems from the East; —that the twelfth century saw the iron pillars of Polish conquerors raised from the Dnieper to the Elbe; and that even in the seventeenth, they were the lawgivers in Moscow, of which

they had possessed themselves, and from whence they brought the Czar Szuyski captive, to grace the entrance of their chieftain Zolkiewski into Warsaw. Heavy indeed was the penalty which Poland paid in the sequel; bitter the retaliation with which Russia has visited her in our days. The tomb of the Moscovite Czar was razed at Warsaw by Prince Repnin, the ambassador of Alexander, while other Russians were engaged in raising another tomb to Stanislaw Poniatowski, the last and the most wretched of the kings of Poland, in the new metropolis of the Moscovitan empire;—a tomb prepared to receive, if report be true, the untimely deposit of that monarch's remains.

The attachment which the Poles have shown to the French nation, and the devotedness with which they served that extraordinary being, who, though an enemy to liberty in the abstract, was certainly a friend to the liberty of Poland, are easily accounted for. Towards whom could they turn, when their country was degraded and

dismembered,—when every neighbouring state had looked complacently upon that robbery whose spoils they divided among themselves? France had given a noble example to Poland and the world; she had taken the initiative in the European struggle for freedom, and she seemed to have assured her triumph and the triumph of mankind. In our moments of dejection we have sometimes deemed that triumph fleeting and unsubstantial: but our fears have unreasonably darkened the present and the future. For the French revolution *did* break into ten thousand pieces the Dagon of despotism; —and the monstrous idol can never again be set up before its millions of worshippers. They are disabused now. Whether the Bourbons reign or not is really a trifling matter; for while the privileges of the few subserve the interests of the many,—while property and enjoyment have been so infinitely diffused,—while the exactions of the church and the pretensions of the nobility have been wholly, and apparently for

ever, circumscribed; the revolution *has* been effected, and been crowned with glorious results. The Poles saw this; and attached themselves to the advocates of principles in which alone they perceived the promise of salvation. Their millennium seemed dawning, and they paid their ardent homage to their political regenerator. Many nations he betrayed; but he betrayed not Poland: and though he did little for her regeneration, he did something for her hopes. He might have done more: he might have created *many* a grateful nation,—and Poland would have been foremost in her gratitude. Those who regarded him with complacency as the enemy and overthrower of the old and *legitimate* despotisms of the Continent, watched with equal interest the seeming care with which he encouraged the military spirit of the Poles. But in all this he thought not of Poland;—he thought not even of France. Napoleon Buonaparte was the sole object of his sympathies. The Polish nation, too weak to resist the united influence of their

despoilers, gave evidence, notwithstanding, that the old spirit of independence—a spirit which can only be extinguished, if ever, by a long long series of sufferings and calamities,—was not wholly subdued. Great numbers of Poles abandoned their country on its partition. One troop of soldiers—the wreck of Kosciusko's army—forced their way through Germany to France, and formed the nucleus of that "Polish Legion," whose courage has been so often celebrated, and whose fate has been so often deplored. Evidence of the uneasiness of the yoke which has been laid on Poland may be found wherever we look. In 1807 the Polish troops in the Prussian army deserted their station, and turned upon their oppressors. New hopes were excited when Napoleon raised a part of Poland from its previous dependence, and created, by the treaty of Tilsit, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Poniatowski, round whom the nobility and peasantry of Galicia gathered as round a restored and restoring father, routed the army of the Austrian Archduke John; while the Poles who were mingled with

the Austrian troops, took every occasion to abandon their ranks, and to join the Polish soldiery. In the war of 1812, the results of which were so fatal to the last hopes of Poland, no less than eighty thousand Poles and Lithuanians are said to have risen in arms. The Poles, first in the advance upon Moscow, were the last to retreat: and ruinous as were the consequences of that horrible campaign to the army and the person of Napoleon, they would have been yet more fatal but for the courageous endurance of the Polish troops, led by Poniatowski, Dombrowski, Chtopicki, Krasinki, and Zaiączek the late viceroy. The re-establishment of Poland might have followed the triumph of the French Emperor;—the riveting her chains has resulted from his defeat. He might not have chosen to reinstate Poland in her ancient influential greatness, under a government of her own free choice; but he would certainly have redeemed her from the intolerable yoke of Russia, Austria, and Prussia: and even though he had divided Poland and Lithuania, and given to each a separate ruler, it would have

been impossible for him to exercise any very excessive and baneful interference, since his only support would have been found in the popular feeling. A conqueror to supplant other conquerors, his sway would have been frail and fleeting,—as a protector, a deliverer alone, could he be mighty. But in the present situation of the world, the restoration of Poland would seem a very idle dream. A state of things so favourable as that produced by Buonaparte in the humiliation of the Northern powers can hardly again be anticipated. Poland, unredeemed and disconsolate, has been delivered over to its first usurpers; and the probability is, that her language and her people will, in the course of a few generations, be interblended and lost in those of her despoilers [1].

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[1] A series of Polish biographical memoirs, with portraits of the most illustrious of their military characters, was published in folio a short time since. The University of Warsaw assigned a prize about four years ago to the best written Life of Kosciuszko. But it is not under an enslaved

Let us take a glance at Poland after the partition.—Its immediate consequences in the Austrian provinces were imprisonments, confiscations, banishments, and the array of sufferings by which despotism rules. Not only were individuals subjected to domestic ruin, or to exile; but the estates of the corporate bodies were despoiled or seized. Joseph the Second confiscated the lands of the monastic orders; and his successor has pillaged the gold and silver services and ornaments of the churches, and even despoiled the royal tombs of Cracow. Taxation has been spread not only over real property to an extent which frequently leaves no revenue from hereditary domains, but the silver and gold plate of the Poles has been wrested from them in the name of "loans," to be repaid in promissory notes of the government,—a currency constantly depreciating in value.

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press that justice can be done to the civic virtues. A biography which in the spirit and love of truth and freedom should record the acts of their best defenders, would be a delightful and instructive work.

The presence of the stranger was visible through the Prussian provinces in a different shape. There Poland had to be *Prussianized*. The love of system, the determination to bend everything to a general and unvarying form, has always characterized the Berlin government. A whole nation is dealt with as a troop of soldiers; so as to leave to the mind, to the will, as narrow a field of thought and action as possible. It was decreed that the German language should supersede the Polish; and the proceedings of the tribunals and of the government were all conducted in the language of the intruders. Property was far more respected by the Prussian than by the Austrian authorities; —the despotism of the latter was of a gross, physical, rapacious character,—less galling perhaps than the more refined and specious government which interfered at every step with the habits, prejudices, and feelings of the people. Poor and intrusive Prussian officers irritated the Poles not so much by their exactions as by their constant meddling with Polish usages. And the invete-

rate hatred which the Poles have always borne towards the Germans was fostered by the events of every day. But property was withal respected: and when the king's statue was erected at Krolewiec (Königsberg), the words "*Suum cui*" were engraved on the pedestal. The successors of William followed his wise example. But the creation of the Duchy of Warsaw put an end to the Prussian authority in Poland.

The most interesting results, however, have grown out of the subjugation of the Russian part of Poland. Whether from a mistrust of their own civilization, a conviction of their own irresistible force, or from a principle of sound policy, the Russian conquests have generally left to the conquered a great part of their former institutions. To the Poles they allowed most of their ancient privileges: satisfied with being the possessors, they did not aspire to the character of lawgivers of Poland. In truth they had no code for themselves, and were not very likely to frame one for their dependents. The Ukases of the Russian Autocrats were founded on, and modi-

fied by, the ancient statutes of Poland. What the Poles suffered from Russia, was in the shape of individual oppression. Barbarous governors, fierce and brutal military and civil officers,—men, who to coarse and unformed manners added extreme ignorance and the most profligate corruption,—drove many of the leading Poles to revolt, whose estates were confiscated, and conferred by Catherine the Second on her favourites, as an encouragement to renewed acts of insolence and injustice. Strange page in the history of national vicissitude, that a people, to whom but a century and a half ago the commonest utensil of luxury was unknown;—whose princes and boyars at the wedding festival of their august Czar Demetrius, (according to the report of a Polish historian and eye-witness,) ate their food with their fingers,—a people whose earliest poet belonged only to the last generation,—should have so rapidly increased in knowledge and in power, as to take a leading part in all the political arrangements of Europe, to say nothing of Asia! It is true they were led by

their general (Suwarrow) to the classic land of Italy, and by their monarch to the luxurious capital of France. But some influence must have been at work, more powerful and permanent than the accidents of war; and I am inclined to believe, that to their intercourse with Poland we may trace much that is substantial and positive in their civilization. "The country which gave birth to Copernicus and Casimir," (I use the words of an estimable Polish friend,) "men not *our* pride only, but the pride of mankind,—a country whose historians wrote a Livian Latin,—a country which had two celebrated academies at Cracow and Wilna, many learned seminaries, and schools in every parish,—must have been to Russia what Greece was to Rome, and have operated beneficially on the rude minds of those barbarous hordes, who had so long the Tartars for their masters, by whom they were not only oppressed, but despised." There are many who profess to believe that the form of government has little influence on the happiness of a people: and if it were possible to conceive

that a nation could possess a wise and benevolent administration of justice, and a code of laws founded on the public weal, the name and character of the supremely dominant power would be a matter of little moment. But nothing can be worse than the chaos which exists in Poland. There law is any thing which may suit the dispensers of the law; the ukase of to-day overturns the ukase of yesterday; and sanction can be found for any decree whatever, out of some authority recognized in the Polish tribunals. The Constitutions of the Diet, the Jus Magdeburgensis, the Prussian and Austrian usages, the Code Napoleon,—each in its turn is applied to as an authority in all the "glory of that uncertainty," which to some has appeared a charm in the English system.

Though the prospects of political melioration for Poland are remote and shadowy, yet this consolation is left,—that of any situation in which a chance of redemption has offered itself, the Poles have at all times availed themselves. They may have erred in their calculations; but they

have been prodigal of their existence wherever they indulged a hope. They have made great sacrifices; and that is the best evidence of their sincerity. The improvement of the people is going on under a most extensive system of education: and while the history of Poland is present to the minds of Poles, it is impossible that a patriotic feeling should not grow up spontaneously.

I shall be excused for quoting here the language of one of the most popular of the living authors of Poland (Niemcewicz), in his *Spiewy Historyczne* (p. 437). He writes in a spirit of eloquence worthy of his literary reputation, and of patriotism becoming the companion of the toils and of the exile of Kosciuszko. "Though discord and dissention may for a time have lulled the Poles into a lethargic indifference to their political situation, yet it cannot be doubted that their ancient free government led to the most striking display of undaunted courage and heroic sacrifice for the defence of their laws and liberties,—to the display (if I may use the expression) of the iron will to exist as a nation.

With instances of this, our history is crowded. Even our nobility, who took every opportunity of increasing their power, and who opposed all taxation which affected themselves,—our nobility, whenever the country was in danger, embodied numerous troops for its defence, and themselves defrayed the cost of the armament. When at the diet of Piotrkow, in 1562, King Sigismund Augustus complained that the treasury had been so exhausted by the liberality of his predecessors, that he was without the means to resist the invasion of the Tartars and Muscovites; the senate and deputies tore up in the presence of the king the grants of his ancestors, so that many of the crown lands and Starosties returned to the public funds. In our days we have ourselves witnessed with what ardent enthusiasm our youth gathered round the patriotic banners; our villagers quitted the plough and armed themselves with scythes to repel the usurpers; our old men brought forth the savings they had set apart for their days of infirmity; our women devoted their ornaments

to the cause of their expiring country. The love of that country is planted deep in the hearts of the Poles. Our forefathers devoted to it their best affections, for it was then a land of freedom and happiness;—and their children love it still, intensely love it, because of its wrongs and its sorrows." These sentiments are as natural as they are noble:—and the pity which is felt for the individual victim of undeserved affliction, shall it not extend to a whole people? Affection itself is strengthened by a sense of injury done to the beloved object; and surely if ever the plea of undeserved visitations could be put forward by a nation, the Poles are entitled to all the sympathy it can give birth to, and all the interest it can inspire. The Polish feeling must now be tracked through individual expression. It cannot influence masses: but the number of the Poles who at this moment dwell in voluntary exile from the land of their fathers; the number who may be tracked to the constitutional struggle in Spain,—to the last efforts of Italian resistance,—to the anti-Bourbonite armies of

France,—and to the glorious Hellenic standard,—bear witness to what is thought, and what is hoped for, by patriot Poles.

And in the mean time, what better wish can be breathed for the Polish people, than that they should go on improving in intellectual cultivation, in happiness and virtue,—that their political annoyances may force them back upon the peaceful and well-rewarded pursuits of literature; that they may find in their studies,—whose influences Tully has so beautifully described,—a charm with which even his imaginative eloquence failed to invest them,—a resource and a retreat from oppression [1].

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[1] As illustrating the present state of literature in Poland, I subjoin a list of the periodical works now published, or which have been suppressed within a few years.

At *Warsaw:*

1. Pamigtnik Warszawski. Warsaw Memoirs.
2. Cwiczenia naukowe. Scientific Essayist—Literary and Mathematical.
3. Orzel bialy. White Eagle (Political): suppressed.
4. Sybilla. Political and Moral.
5. Pamignitk muzyczny. Musical Memoirs.

6. Urza,dzenia Rza,dowe. Transactions of the Government.
7. Kuria, Damski.

At *Wilna:*

1. Dziennik Wilenski. Wilna Journal.
2. Tygodnik Wilenski. Wilna Weekly Magazine.
3. Pamigtnik Magnetyczny. Magnetic (Medical) Memoirs.
4. Brukowe Wiadomosci. News from the Pavement. A sportive weekly publication, written by a Society of Wits, ridiculing under feigned names notorious characters.

At *Cracow:*

1. Pszczolka Krakowska. The Cracovian Bee.
2. Miscellanea Cracoviensia. A Latin Journal.

At *Leopol:* (Lwów).

Pamigtnik Lwowski. Leopol Memoirs; now the Pszczolka Lwowska. The Leopolitan Bee.

At *Lublin:*

Gospodarskie Wiadoniósci. Agricultural Reports.

At *Polotzk:*

Miesie,cznik Połocki. Połotsk Magazine. Published by the Jesuits, but suppressed at the suppression of their order.

There was also a periodical published in the Grand Dutchy of Poznan, and another at Krzemieniec in Volhynia.

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LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

OF

POLAND.

THOUGH Greek and Roman authors frequently give the name of *Sarmatians* to the whole of the Sclavonic tribes, yet it is probable that the ancient Poles were more particularly entitled to, as they afterwards almost exclusively obtained, that designation. By the Russians they are frequently called *Lachi*, from *Lech* (an old Bohemian word signifying *free* or *noble*), and they have obtained the name of *Poles*, according to their historians, from *Pole* (a plain), as descriptive of the level character of their country.

The extent of the population of Poland is thus estimated by Dr. Schaffarik. In the second partition of 1793, Litťavia and the Ukraine contained 4,148,000 inhabitants, transferred to Russia. Prussia took

Gross-Poland with Thorn and Danzig, comprising 1,136,000 souls;—and 3,512,000 remained to the Polish Republic. In the third and final partition in 1795, Russia, besides Courland and Semgallia, seized the rest of Littavia and Little Poland as far as the *Bog*, with 1,177,000 inhabitants. Prussia obtained 940,000 additional subjects, and Austria 1,038,000. The present disposition of the Polish nation is about as follows: 1,500,000 directly under the sway of Russia; 3,500,000 compose the Russian kingdom of Poland; about 3,000,000 *belong* to Austria in Gallicia and East Silesia; and nearly 2,000,000 acknowledge the Prussian domination. The free city of Cracow has 100,000 inhabitants.—Calculating the whole Polish population at ten millions, about half a million are Lutherans, and the rest Roman Catholics.

The Polish language is a dialect of the Sclavonian, which, with some remarkable varieties, is spoken throughout Russia, Bohemia, Moravia, Servia, and in some parts of Germany, Prussia, Hungary, and Turkey. It is decidedly that branch which has been most acted on by external circumstances, and has therefore been properly called the youngest daughter of the Sclavonian parent. The connexion of Po-

land with the politics and the literature of the South served to modify and to modernize its idiom. Similarity of religious faith brought the Poles into contact with their Catholic European brethren; and the adoption of the Roman alphabet, an alphabet little adapted to Sclavonic peculiarities, removed some of the apparent difficulties in the study of the Polish tongue. The Russian, the Servian, and some other branches of the original root, have been less influenced by intercourse with remote and highly civilized nations. The writings of Rey of Nagłowic, and Kochanowski in the sixteenth century, fixed the character of the Polish idiom, and since that period it can hardly be said to have been in any considerable degree improved. The manuscripts and monuments prior to that epoch bear a language, in which it is only possible to trace the Sclavonic root, while all the inflections of nouns and verbs are too various and too uncertain to be reducible to any given rule, and the orthography appears to have been wholly unsettled. At last the Bohemian style of writing was adopted, and the Polish language encumbered with numerous consonants, whose combinations were meant merely to supply the simple and single letters of the Scla-

vonic alphabet. This has given to the written language of Poland a strange and repelling appearance, though in itself it is no evidence of harshness, but only of the great difficulty found in accommodating four-and-twenty Latin letters to six-and-thirty Sclavonian sounds. And after all, the attempt to adapt the Roman alphabet to the Polish language has imperfectly succeeded, though various devices have been adopted in order to convey those peculiarities of pronunciation which belong to the Sarmatian tribes. The nasal sound is given to the vowels *a* and *e* by an attached cedilla, *a*, *e*,: *iada*, (they depart) is pronounced as a Frenchman would pronounce *iadont*; *be,de*, (I shall be), as if it were *bindin* in French.

Bantkie divides the language of Poland into six dialects. That of *Gross Poland*, distinguished by the peculiar pronunciation of the *o* and *ie*;—the *Mazurian*, in which the *ż* and *z'*, the *cz* and *c*, the *sz* and *s* are confounded;—that of *Little Poland*, whose varieties are principally seen in the grammatical construction and confusion of genders;—the *Littavian*, which has many Russianisms;—the *Prussian*, which is a Germanized Polish where the peculiarities of the two letters *o'* and *a'* are not observed;—and the *Silesian*,

which has a singularly nasal pronunciation, and is much blended with the Bohemian idiom.

Among the consonants,

The Russian		By the Poles	
Х . .	*is written*	ch	(guttural)
Ч . .	——	cz	(*ch* in church).
Ш . .	——	sz	(*sh* in shall).
Щ . .	——	szcz . . .	(shch).
Ж . .	——	rz	(French j).
Лъ . .	——	ł	1 mouillée in the Italian *gl.*
Ńъ . .	——	n′	Italian *gn.*
Кь Сь	——	c′	(*c* mouillée).
Сь Зь	——	s′	(*s* mouillée).
Зь . .	——	z′	(*z* mouillée).

The Polish language is singularly rich in its modifications of both vowel and consonant sounds. It possesses among its vowels *a*, *a′* and *a,*; *e*, *e′* and *e,*; *o* and *o′*, all obviously distinguished from one another. Among its consonants, *b* and *b′*; *c*, *c′* and *cz*; *l* and ł;

m and *m'*; *n* and *n'*; *p* and *p'*; *r* and *rz*; *s*, *s'* and *sz*; *w* and *w'*; *z*, *z'* and *ż*; independently of the many modifications of sound produced by a great variety of compound formations. It is the most difficult, while it is the most polished, of the Sclavonic languages.

A remarkable peculiarity of the Polish language is, that the accent always falls on the penultimate; as, *chłopięc* (boy), *wōdă* (water); except in words of foreign origin. In words of three syllables the accent is on the middle syllable, as *ieziōrŏ* (lake), *niĕcnōtă* (rogue). In words of four syllables the accents are alternately long and short, as, *sprāwiĕdlīwў* (just), *ōgłŏszēniĕ* (advertisement). In polysyllabic words the general rule applies to the penultimate, though there is more variety in the pronunciation of the previous syllables. It results from these observations that there are few Iambic verses in Polish; nothing but monosyllabic words being available for their production, but dactyls and trochees are easily formed. Rhythmus, especially in compositions for music, is attended to by the poets of Poland, who have adopted a considerable variety of versification. The most common measures are lines of eight, eleven, and thirteen syllables. The cæsura is not used when the quantity is

less than eight syllables. In verses of ten syllables the cæsura divides them in the middle; in those of eleven, it follows the fifth; in those of twelve, the seventh syllable.

It is a curious fact, that the same unchanging character of accent attaches to another of the Sclavonic idioms: but while in Polish the penultimate is always long, in the Bohemian dialect the first syllable is invariably so. The great variety of accentuation in the Russian branch gives it great superiority over the former for the purposes of poetry. A few examples will show how perfectly certain Polish words characterize the idea they convey. They are striking adaptations of sound to sense.

Grzmot, Thunder.
Dz'dz'y sie, It rains.
Brzmi, Vibrating string.
Chichotac, Suppressed laughter.
Chucha, Blowing on the fingers.
Tentent, Horses trampling.
Szelest lisci, Leaves rustling.

The two best writers on the prosody of the Polish language are *Kopczynski,* who has treated of it in

the third volume of his Grammar, and *Nowaczynski* in his *O Prozodyi i Harmonii jezyka Polskiego.* It is clear, that as the accent in all Polish words falls on the antepenultimate, no iambics, pyrrhics, or spondees, can be formed of polysyllabic words. Yet the Poles have introduced all these measures by employing monosyllabic words and blending them with polysyllables. The translations of Homer's Iliad, both by *Dmochowski* and *Przybylski*, are in Alexandrine verses, and generally close with a dactyl and trochee: as,

Āchīl|lā spīe|wāy mū|zo gniēw|zgūbnў cŏ|szkōdў.

These translations are all in rime. The attempts to introduce blank verse have failed in Poland. *Ossalinski*'s Works have some reputation;—but the blank verse of *Minasowicz* and *Nowaczynski* seems to have decided the banishment of this species of poetry.

The manner of scanning Polish verses is as follows:

Pānў e | Iāni ĕ
W kaz'dym | stanie
Zyskac' | moz'na
Myśl o | stroz'na.

Krasicki, II. 277.

Lew zjădł || byl | wōlă
Strach do || o kola..
Ibid. p. 51.

Chawlcie | Pana | z dobro | ci je | go nie | przebra | ney
Chawlcie | z lito | s'ci wie | kom z'a | dnym ni | e podda | ney.
Kochanowski, Ps. 96.1

There are a number of writers on the language of Poland, among whom I would mention Zaborowski, Stoienski, Volkmar, Meninski, Malicki, Hoffmann, Knapski, Szyovia, Kwiatkowski, Bliwernitz, Rybin'ski, Czerski and Bobrowski, who have written in Latin.

Januszowski, Kopczyn'ski, Nowaczyn'ski, Szumski, Bohomolca, Mrozin'ski, Kleczewski, Brodzin'ski, Maczynski, Bohusz, Woronowski, Kondratowicz, Poticki, Ciechoniewski, Dantyska, Linde, Wyszomirski, Litwin'ski and Troianski, in Polish.

Roter, Dobracki, Ernesti, Malczowski, Raphaeli, Rohrmann, Müllenheim, Schlag, Trotz, Kaalfuss, Müller, Moneta, Woyna, Mrongovius, Adamowicz, Stawski, Kassius, Bucki, Kutsch, Vater, Bantkie and Grotke, in German.

Trabczyn'ski, Malicki, and Troc, in French; and Kondratowicz in Russian.

The introduction of Christianity into Poland, which doubtless gave a great impulse to civilization, had an unfortunate influence on the Polish tongue. The Latin became the representative and the organ of the new faith; and as its teachers were almost without exception strangers, they gave considerable currency to the language they employed. The Polish language was deemed heathenish and vulgar, and this prejudice continued down to the sixteenth century, until when scarcely any work of reputation had been written in any other language than Latin. Had the Greek instead of the Roman church obtained predominance in Poland, very different would have been the influence on its language and literature. But no doubt the Benedictine monks assisted the advance of civilization, by devoting themselves from the beginning of the eleventh century, assiduously to the instruction of the young.

To the establishment of the Cracow University in 1347, the progress of knowledge and the cultivation of the arts may be distinctly traced. About two hundred years afterward, that of Wilna was created; and in the following century John Zamoyski founded the College of Zamos'c'. The tolerant spirit of

Sigismund the First, Sigismund Augustus, and Stephan Bathory, was friendly to inquiry and to that improvement which is the result of inquiry. The first book printed in Poland was the Cracow Calendar, in 1490. In 1491 *Swantspolt Fiol* published a Polish *Osmoglasnik* in Sclavonic letters, which was condemned by the Inquisition. In the sixteenth century almost every considerable town had a printing press; and the subsequent activity of the literary spirit in Poland may be estimated from the fact that the Zaluskan Library (lately removed to Petersburg) contained more than twenty thousand works in Polish. The first periodical in Poland was printed in 1764.

The most popular work on the literature of Poland is Bentkowski's *Historya Litteratury Polskiey*, in two volumes. A more detailed history is now in progress entitled, *Wiadomósci Historyczno-Krytyczne do dzieiów Litteratury Polskiey*, by Ossolinski. Bantkie, an author of great repute, has also published a literary history of Poland. Many interesting notices of Polish authors will be found in Janocki's *Biblioteca Polonica*.

The following Hymn is the earliest specimen of the Polish language now extant.

Piesn
Boga Rodzica.

Bogarodzica dziewica, Bogiem slawiona
Marya! u twego Syna hospodyna
Matko zwolona
Marya zisci nam, spusci nam
Kirie eleyson twego Syna
Krzciciela zbozny czas.
Usłysz glosy napelniy mysli czlowiecze:

Slysz modlitwe, ienze cie prosimy,
To dac raczy, iegoż prosimy:
Day na swiecie zboż'ny pobyt,
Po ż'ywocie Rayski przebyt
Kirie eleyson.

* * * * * * * *

Już' nam czas, godzina, grzechow sie Kaiaci
Bogu chwale daci
Że wszemi silami Boga milowaci.

PIESN

BOGA RODZICA

Bogarodzica dziewica, Bogiem sławiona matko
Marya! u twego Syna, *Pana*,
Matko z łaski *Boz'ey*
Marya, zis'c' nam, spus'c' nam
Kyrie eleison twego Syna
*Chr*zciciela *po*boz'ny czas.
Usłysz głosy, napełniy mys'li człowiecze.

Słysz modlitiwe, *ie,cza,c* cie, prosimy,
To dac' raczy, jegoz' prosimy:
Day na s'wiecie *po*boz'ny pobyt,
Po z'ywocie Rayski przebyt,
Kyrie eleison.

* * * * * * * *

Juz' nam czas, godzina, grzechów sie, Kaiac'
Bogu chwałe, dac',
Ze *wszyskich* sił Boga miłowac'.

Marya dziewica, prosi Syna swego
Krola Niebieskiego
Aby nas uchawoł odè wszego zlego.
Wszyscy Swienci proscie,
Nas grzesznych wspomoz'cie;
Bysmy z wami przebyli
Jezu Chrysta chwalili.

Tegoz nas domiesci, Jezu Chryste mily
Bysmy z tobo byli
Gdzie sie nam radujo iuz niebieski sily.

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen,
Amen, Amen, tako Bog day
Bysmy wszyscy poszli w Ray[1]
Gdzie Krolnio Anieli.

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[1] *Ray* (Paradise). It is very remarkable that the Sclavonians should have adopted the word of their old mythology for

Marya dziewiac pros' Syna swego,
Króla Niebieskiego,
Aby nas uchował od wsze*lkie*go złego.
Wszyscy S'wie,ci pros'c'ie,
Nas grzesznych wspomoz'cie ;
Bys'my z wami przeby*wali*
Jezu*sa* Chrystu*sa* chwalili.

Tegoz' nam *dopus'c'* Jezu*sie* Chrystu*sie* miły
Bys'my z toba, byli,
Gdzie sie, nam raduia, iuz' Niebieskie siły.

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen,
Amen, Amen, tak Bóg day,
Bys'my wszyscy poszli w Ray[1],
Gdzie Kroluia, Anieli.

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the Christian heaven. *Rays kie iabłka* (apples of paradise) is frequently employed in popular tales and songs.

I have given the music to which the foregoing hymn was sung, from a MS. believed to be of the twelfth century, adding the modern notes for the better understanding of the same. It is a remarkable fact, that this extraordinary composition is still employed in the church where lie the ashes of St. Adelbert, in Gniezno, the capital of Poland before Cracow received that distinction; and at the church of Dombrowa near Kola, on the river Wasta, where the saint was a beneficed abbot [1]. In order to compare the changes which the Polish language has undergone in the course of nine centuries, a modernized version has been given on the opposite side. Niemcewicz publishes it among his Polish songs, stating that he had himself heard it at Gniezno in 1812. It has all the characters of the

[1] Christianity was introduced into Poland by the Bohemians and Germans, about the ninth century. Its first Christian king was Mieczyslaw, who was baptized in 965. The Bohemian branch of the Sclavonic has fragments of poetry far more ancient than any thing possessed by the Poles. The use of *rime* so universal in Italy (which was the school of the poets of Poland) was soon introduced among them. Nowaczyn'ski, Opalinski and others, have endeavoured to introduce the Greek and Latin measures; but the fetters of rime seem permanently to have enchained the poetic spirit of the Vistula.

monkish composition of the middle ages, and has been supplanted by one of them,—*O gloriosa Domina.*

A beautiful imitation of this hymn will be found among Casimir's Odes, beginning

Diva per latas celebrata terras.

Rakowieski[1], who believes the poem to be of high antiquity, is not disposed to allow this copy to be of older date than the fourteenth century. Other metrical compositions are mentioned by *Bielski* and *Dlugosz*; but as the Latin language was alone employed by the writers of that age, little of the popular Polish poetry escaped the scorn and neglect with which it was regarded by those who could alone preserve it from oblivion by committing it to writing.

The popular poetry of any country occupies one of the most interesting parts of the field of literature, and has always the recommendation of that simplicity which approves itself to the general—the universal mind. In the preface to the collection of Polish Songs which has been published by *Niemcewicz*, he remarks, that " Music exerts a mighty influence on

[1] Prawda ruska, ii. 211—12.

the memory and the affections of man. Before the æra of Herodotus, who may be deemed the father of national history, the achievements and the vicissitudes of remoter times had been conveyed in songs from father to son. Men do not easily lose what they fondly cherish; and though nations may be annihilated by oppression, and the monuments of their heroes razed by the jealousy, the timidity, or the barbarism of conquerors, no power can silence the song in which the mother tells her child the history of his country, and associates the name of that country with his earliest and strongest affections. The captive Israelites wandered by the waters of Babylon, they wandered, but wept when they thought of their native Jordan; they celebrated their country and their fathers in mournful strains; but they triumphed at last over their sorrows and over their victors, and regained their own beloved land, because they had not forgotten it, because they had made it the ever present subject of their thoughts, their hopes, their exertions."

But though the historians of Poland have referred to the metrical compositions of the people, nothing except the foregoing hymn has been spared of a date

anterior to the fifteenth century. The Catholic religion, which introduced and established the use of Latin, was necessarily unfriendly to the national literature. Ecclesiastics were the only authors, and Latin the only language used.

The original of the following Song exists only in the Sclavonico-Polish dialect, as spoken in Volhynia. It is of very great antiquity.

THE THREE FOUNTAINS.

THERE are three stars in the heaven's blue deep,
And brightly they shine, though silently;
On the plain three silver fountains leap:
And there stood beside them ladies three,—
A wife, a widow, a virgin maid;
And thus to the rippling streams they said.

The wife hung over the fount, and there
Pour'd from her hand its waters clear:

"Wave of the fountain! counsel me:
Do I a husband's love possess;
Will fondness and fidelity
Bring me the flowers of happiness?"

"O yes! while in Virtue's path thou art,
Bliss shall thine and thy husband's be:
Should thy faith wax cold, and be false thy heart,
Thine shall be shame and misery."

Lonely and gloomy the widow stood,
And mingled her tears with the gushing flood.

"Sorrow is mine! for what dark deed
Am I forced to wander alone below;
Has God, to punish my sins, decreed
That mine should be helpless, hopeless woe?"

"Rise, widow, rise with the dawn of day,
Dry up thy tears and thy woes forget,

And pray to the River-God [1],—humbly pray,
And he shall give thee a husband yet."

At the neighbouring fountain sigh'd the maid,
And she took a wreath of flowers from her head.

" The streams flow on, and the wild-winds sweep,—
River-God! give me a husband soon;
Clung to his bosom let me sleep,
And mine be the bright and blessed boon."

" Fling not thy wreath in the stream, fair maid!
A noble youth shall be given to thee;
Soon thou shalt marriage-garlands braid,
And many the days of thy joy shall be."

[1] The original word is *Bog*, which means at the same time *God* and *river*. The river *Bog* was worshipped by the ancient Sclavonians, and still retains its sacred name.—The three fountains are the springs or sources of the river which empties itself into the Euxine.

OLD LITHUANIAN SONG.

Przez lasy iodłowe
Przez lasy swierkowe.

THROUGH the pine-trees' darksome woods,
Through the fir-groves' solitudes,
On my piebald steed I come,
Hurrying to *her* mother's home :—
" Mother, hail!"—' Thou 'rt welcome now
To my cottage lone and low.'
" Tell me, mother! tell me where
I may seek my cherish'd fair!"
' In yon chamber dark and still
Lies thy lovely maiden ill,
Restless on the green-rob'd bed.'
Hapless youth; with gentle tread
O'er the yard I swiftly glide,
Lingering on the threshold side:

There I wiped my tears, and took
Her white hand with gentlest look;—
" Lovely sufferer! flower of spring!
Time sweet remedy shall bring."
' Call me—call me thine no more,
Soon life's short remains are o'er;
I within my grave shall lie,
Thou thy flowing tears must dry;
Thou wilt come and see me home
To my solitary tomb:
Crowds of maidens shall be there,
Feeling joy, but feigning care.
One with rosy cheeks shall be
Even then beloved by thee;
She shall bear away thy kiss,—
What a bliss! O what a bliss!'

POPULAR OLD LITHUANIAN SONG.

Kędy w ogrodku kwitły Tymiany.

To the garden where bloom the bright flow'rets of spring,
To Marina's fair garden, the villagers bring
Their cheeks which are fair as the blush of the flowers,
And give to sweet converse the sociable hours.
" But why dost thou lean on thy hand, lovely maid!
And why do dark tears thy mild visage o'erspread?
Thy heart should be anchor'd 'gainst misery's shock,
For thy life is as pure as the spring from the rock."
' Though my heart might be anchor'd 'gainst misery's shock,
Though my life be as pure as the spring from the rock;
Yet sadness is mine, for the sun-beams descend,
And the spring of existence rolls on to its end.
Look! in the green court-yard a sister appears,
A garland that's wreath'd for the altar she wears;

But the ever-green wreath has its dew-drops of tears,—
How long shall I walk in the spring of my years?
Sweet flowers! ye will bend your fair heads in the dell;
My mother,—my sister,—my brother,—farewell!'

These two Songs are published, though they are from the Lithuanian dialect. The fate of that country was for centuries closely connected with Poland,—their histories are blended,—their habits and their superstitions are similar,—so that I shall be excused for introducing them here.

Bentkowski[1] divides the literary history of Poland into very distinct epochas. I. From the introduction of Christianity to the time of Casimir the Great, A.D. 964—1333. II. From Casimir to Sigismund the First, A.D. 1333—1506. III. From Sigismund the First to the establishment of the Cracovian Jesuit schools in 1622. IV. From thence to the formation and improve-

[1] Literat. Polsk. 162—176.

ment of the national literary taste under Stanislaus Konarski in 1760: and, V. From Konarski to our days. The first period is filled by a few Latin chroniclers, and the Polish language was gradually created out of its Latin, German, and Sclavonian roots. Casimir the Great patronized its employment; and the discussions which the patrons of the Reformation excited in Bohemia in the fifteenth century sensibly influenced the literature of Poland, and led to the cultivation and rapid improvement of the Polish tongue. At this time the Poles abandoned the Sclavonic alphabet and adopted the Latin:—a very unfortunate circumstance, as the Latin alphabet is very ill adapted for the communication of Sclavonic sounds, —while its use has veiled the origin, and confused the etymology of words. Up to this period the Polish idiom had preserved its different accents, and the harmonious variety of prosody which still exists in some other of the Sclavonian branches.

A translation of the Bible into Polish was made by command of Queen Hedwig in 1390[1]. A few reli-

[1] Count Potocki doubts this:—no copy certainly exists, though the fact is mentioned by competent authorities. A

gious works, among which is a translation of one of Wickliffe's hymns, some translations of Polish laws, and one or two uninteresting productions, appeared prior to the sixteenth century,—a century which must be deemed the brightest period of the literary annals of Poland. The Polish language then became the language of the court, of literature, and of polite society. Sigismund Augustus required the laws of Poland to be circulated in the language of the people, and himself used no other. Translations of the ancient classics, and of the most distinguished moderns, were circulated extensively; and the poets of Poland, of whom *Rey of Naglowic* must be deemed the earliest, follow in an unbroken line from the middle of the sixteenth century downwards. In the limits of a small volume,—even if I possessed—which I do not—the means of access to all the needful authorities,—it is impossible to record the names and works and history of so numerous a band. I must refer to

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translation of the Psalms spoken of by *Czacki* is believed to have been part of this version;—and as Sophia the third wife of Jagiello possessed a complete Polish bible in 1430 (of which see a description in Niemcewicz's *Zbiór pamiętnikow*), it is probable this was a copy of Queen Hedwig's translation.

the authors I quote, in order to fill up the chasms I am compelled to leave.

Independently of the Poets of whom specimens are given in this volume,—not chosen in every case according to the renown of the Polish author, but sometimes in deference to the taste of the English reader, and sometimes because other original matter has not been accessible to me,—I feel it right barely to glance over the names and reputation of some of those of the Polish poets from whose writings I have hitherto made no translations, but whom to pass over without mention would be a great injustice to their fame [1].

Rey of Naglowic is the father of Polish poetry. Before him nothing is at all interesting but what is anonymous; and that only in fragments. He appeared at a time when the philosophy of the schools was openly attacked, and when some sort of pre-

[1] It becomes me to state that I owe a great debt of obligation to my friend Lach Szyrma, not only for the information afforded by his Letters on Poland, but for his epistolary and personal communications; all marked by urbanity, friendship, good taste, information, and patriotism.

paration had been made for the removal of old prejudices, and for the introduction of a popular feeling. His condensed truisms are frequently quoted by the people. But except when he communicates some moral aphorism, he is diffuse and tedious. He was however patronized and enriched by Sigismund Augustus, and obtained high distinctions from his countrymen. He translated the Psalms, but is best known by his *Honest Man's Mirror*, of which I have not been able to obtain a copy.

Sebastian Klonowicz, better known by the name of *Acernus*, was the contemporary of Rey of Nagłowic. His verses are vulgar and licentious; and he died obscurely and miserably, in a parish workhouse. He wrote both in Latin and Polish, but his works are now seldom to be met with. His Impromptu when he was flattered with the title of the Sarmatian Ovid, has been frequently quoted:

Nasonis Sulmo patria est, Sulmircia nobis
Nosque pöetastri, Naso poeta fuit.

which has much modesty, and a little point in the resemblance between the names of the birth-places of the Roman and the Pole.

To this period belong *Rybin'ski*, who published a volume of poems in Thorn; *Czahrowski*, who having attached himself to the party of King Maximilian was forced to seek an asylum in Hungary, where he printed his *Rzeczy rozmaite*; *Grochowski* archbishop of Lemberg (ob. 1644) author of thirty-two Polish works, among which his *Wiersze* are remarkable for their sweetness and correctness of diction. *Miaskowski*, the best religious poet of Poland; *Zabczyc*, a writer of songs, satires, and epigrams; *Petrycy* (ob. 1629), the translator of Aristotle and Horace; *S. A. Zbylitowski*, a didactic and satiric poet; *Bielski* (born 1496, died 1579), less renowned for his satirical verses than for his merit as an historian. *Paprocki* of *Glogol* wrote a variety of heraldic, genealogical and historical works in wearying rime. *Stryikowski* (born 1549) printed a mass of elegies, bucolics, laments, &c.

The epoch which produced the *Kochanowskis* and others, the most illustrious of the Polish writers, was succeeded by an age of theological disputation, in which the language and literature of Poland were neglected for monkish Latin and monkish lethargy. The anarchical reign of John Casimir which followed

the polemical controversies of that of Sigismund the Third, brought shoals of invaders from Sweden, Russia, and Tartary, whose presence added to the corruptions with which the Jesuits had long been destroying the Polish tongue. The writings of the early and middle part of the seventeenth century are alike pedantic in pretence, inelegant in style, and frivolous in purpose. A few writers appear, who, could they have subdued—as they were subdued by—the evil influence of the age, might have greatly elevated the literary reputation of their country.

Twardowski (born 1600, died 1660) was secretary to the Polish legation at Constantinople, and wrote two Polish epics, *Władysław* and *Woyna domowa*; his other works are *Legacya*, *Władysław* IV., *Pamięć*, *Alexandra Karóla Królewicza*, *Pałac Leszczyn'skich* *Woyna Kosacka*, *Woyna domowa s Kozaki*, *Nadobna Pasqualina* (from the Spanish) *Daphnis*. His smaller poems are collected under the title of *Zbiór rytmów*, and his larger under that of *Miscellanea selecta*. *Białobocki* published several poetical works. *Kochowski*, one of the best of the lyric poets of Poland, who died at the end of the seventeenth century, printed his *Lyricorum Polskich*, *Christus cierpiący*, *Ogród pani-*

en'ski, Dzieło boskie, Różaniec, and a collection of Polish epigrams. *Chros'cin'ski*, the secretary of Prince Jacob Sobiewski was a prolific writer, who translated Lucan's Pharsalia into octo-syllabic rimes, versified much of the bible history, and published the *Rymy duchowne, Trąba sławy Jana III., Zbiór zabaw duchownych,* and other works.

Janus Korybut Prince Wi'sniowiecki wrote a number of lyrics in which he wholly omitted the letter R, founding the conceit on the circumstance that the R was to him an unpronounceable letter. *Libiçki* translated Horace's Odes, and *Zembrowski* Ovid's Metamorphoses. Prince *Lubominki*'s rank rather than his talents obtained for him the title of the Polish Solomon. He died in 1702. His works are; *Classicum nieś'miertelnéy, Musa Polska,* the Ecclesiastes in verse, *Melodya duchowna,* and *Próżnos'c' i prawda. Leszczyn'ski* (ob. 1705) wrote *Chocim,* an historical poem. Prince *Jabłonowski* translated part of Tacitus, and described in verse *Uprowadzenie woyska z cieś'ni Bukowskiey.* The epigrams of *Potocki,* the time of whose death is uncertain, rank among the happiest productions of Poland: *Bardzin'ski* made another translation of Lucan, and *Opa-*

lin'ski, the Woiwode of Posen, who died in 1655, wrote fifty-two satires in hexameter measure, in the manner of Juvenal and Persius. The following poets belong to this epoch, though their works are not deserving any special mention. *Dzwonowski*, *Bratkowski*, *Falibogowski*, *Dębołęcki*, *Szymonowski*, *Obodna Obodzin'ski*, *Kwiatkowski*, *Morsztyn*, *S. Poniatowski*, *Jagodyn'ski*, *Chełkowski*, and *Ignes*.

Stanislaus Konarski must be deemed the regenerator of the literature of his country. Not only by his own elaborate writings but by his great exertions in the promotion of education, he gave a new impulse to improvement, and established a renovating æra in the intellectual cultivation of Poland. King Stanislaus Augustus, alike a philosopher and a patron of philosophy, gave an example of encouragement to men of letters, which soon influenced the aristocracy, and widely communicated his fostering and protecting spirit. Almost every species of learning found promotion, and the Polish language especially began to be cultivated and enriched by the industry and genius of a numerous band of national authors. The district schools spread themselves over the country, and the Polish tongue became the instrument of legislation

and the representative of political reform. The vicissitudes of hope and fear,—the vibrations between extinction and national existence, which in the latter half of the last century agitated the Polish people, —communicated a strange excitement to inquiry, and awakened all the dormant spirit of the nation. The Association of the Friends of Knowledge in Warsaw (1801) led to most interesting discussions on popular topics, and the establishment of the Grand Dukedom of Warsaw (1807-1812) rekindled the old dreams of patriotic excitement. More than six hundred central schools existed at the beginning of the present century. At this hour there exist in Poland the Warsaw, the Lemberg, and Cracow universities, eleven palatine schools in the eight Woicwodeships, fourteen principal department schools (*szkoły wydzialowe*), and nine for subdepartments; two lyceums, twelve gymnasiums, and innumerable elementary and private establishments for education[1].

The union and sympathy which have existed between France and Poland have had a very obvious influence on the language and literature of the latter

[1] Schaffarik, 452, 3.

country. The employment of the French tongue—almost universally taught in Poland—has introduced many Gallicisms: and though by a natural and necessary consequence something has been added to the richness and variety of the Polish idiom, it has lost much of its peculiar and national character. The master-works of Southern Europe have, however, shed their best influence on Poland, since scarcely any author of distinguished reputation is now unknown to the Poles.

Naruszewicz is the most distinguished of the prose writers of Poland. His History[1] of that country in six volumes, *Historya narodu Polskiego* (including merely the period of the *Piast* dynasty) has furnished

[1] The oldest Polish chronicles are that of *Prokosz*, *Kronika Polska przez Prokosza w wieku x napisana, z dodatkami z kroniki Kagnimira pisarza wieku xi.* That of *Martin Gallus*, A.D. 1110—35; of *Matthew* bishop *of Cracow*, ob. 1166; of *Vincent Kadlubek*, 1223; *Boguphalus* bishop *of Posen*, 1253; *Godzislaw Baszko*, 1273; *Martin Strzembski*, 1279; *Dzirswa*, 1420; *Sigimund Rositzius*, 1470; *John Duglosz*, 1415—80; *Matthew of Miechow*, and *Martin Cromer*, 1512—89.

The later Polish historians are *Stryikowski*, *Sarnicki*, *Koialowicz*, *Lubienski*, *Swiecki*, *Bandtkie*, and *Miklaszewski*.—Schaffarik, p. 403.

It is much to be desired that a History of Poland should be introduced to English literature from these original sources.

much matter to Karamsin, who quotes him with approbation in his History of Russia. But his works are full of the servility and flattery so characteristic of his time. Though educated by the Jesuits, and one of their order, he ventured to resist their authority by using the Polish language for his compositions. He did much for the reformation of the Polish taste, though frequently opposed and thwarted by ecclesiastical interference. He wrote satires, bucolics, and short didactic poems, and translated Horace, Anacreon, and some of the Odes of Pindar. He rendered Tacitus into Polish with extraordinary success. He was born in 1733 and died in 1796.

Kniaznin was the contemporary of Naruscewicz. He also received his early education from the Jesuits, —an education wasted, as he himself declares, in profitless trifles. Kniaznin's lyrics are among the very best of Polish compositions. All his writings are poetical, and full of gay and joyous feeling, which is said to have been remote from the habitual character of his mind. His longest poem is a ludicrous heroic called The Balloon. He died, it is said, like Tasso, the victim of a hopeless passion for an elevated, opulent, and inaccessible beauty.

Symanowski died in 1803. His poetry, though sweet and flowing, has all the artificial character of the French school, and will therefore give no idea of the national poetry of the Poles. It has no one of the peculiarities of Sclavonic song. The *Temple of Gnidos* is his principal poetical work; besides which, he published Pastorals and minor pieces, and translated some of Montesquieu's writings.—*Tanski* resembles Symanowski in many respects, but his writings are principally dramatic.

Dmóchowski (born 1762, died 1808) is most known as the translator of the Iliad[1] and the Æneid, of several parts of Milton, and of Young's Night Thoughts. He published one didactic poem, an *Ars Poetica*.

Trembecki (who died in 1812) poured out the overflowings of poetical flattery on the great during his early youth, and soon retired from the world in disgust, to solitary meditation. In the latter days of his life his abode was filled with swallows and sparrows,

[1] There are other Polish translations of Homer, *viz.* those of *Przybylski* and *Staszyc*.

who dwelt with him, and built their nests, and reared their offspring unmolested, in the very room where he indulged his misanthropy. His principal work, the *Zofiowska*, a contemplative poem, has been translated into French by the Count La Garde.

Of *Elizabetha Druzbacka*, the author of the Letters on Poland says, "She had no learned education, but was the gifted child of Nature. Her native language, for she knew no other, breathes sweetly in her harmonious, unpretending mellow strain." Her poem on Spring commences:

"O golden season! in child-like guise. Thou gladdening spring! Again thou comest, and lovely are thy smiles. Every thing becomes thy playful innocence, whether to revive with warmth or chill with cold. Who would chide thee, when in thy hours of play, thou, with child-like frolic, now makest the green grass come forth, and then hidest it with a mantle of snow."

Minasowicz (born in 1718, died in 1796) was the translator of Martial, Phædrus, Lucan, and of many of the Odes of Horace, and the author of voluminous original compositions.

Gurski's Różne dzieła wierszem i proza, contains a great number of Odes, Idyls, Fables, and Plays.

Nagurczewski (nat. 1719, ob. 1811) translated the Philippics of Demosthenes, Cicero's Orations, Virgil's Eclogues, a great part of Homer,—all characterized by a thorough understanding of the ancient languages, but little dexterity in the use of his own.

Przybylski enriched the literature of his country by admirable translations of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the Works of Ovid, Gessner's Abel, Camoens' Luciad, Milton's Paradise Lost, the Æneid, the Iliad, and Odyssey.

Osin'ski published a volume of Lyrics entitled *Zbiór zabawek wierszem*. He rendered into Polish Corneille's *Cid* and *Cinna*, some of the dramatic productions of Voltaire, Chenier, and other French poets.

Koz'mian's didactic poem *O Ziemian'stwie* ranks high in public reputation.

Karpinski is a writer of great originality, and is

known to Europe by the German translations of many of his pastoral pieces. He translated the Psalms with great correctness and force, also Delille's "Jardins," and published many dramatic pieces.

Woronicz, the present bishop of Cracow, is renowned for the eloquence of his sermons, and the high tone of his historical poetry. His principal work is Asarmot (*Piesn' Assarmota*), an epic poem on the origin of the Sarmatians or Poles:—but "The Sibyl," which summons the ancient monarchs of Poland to look out from their tombs on the desolation of the land they once ruled over in its prosperity, and the "Diet of Wieslica" are the most popular of his poetical compositions.

Wenzyk and *Kropinski* should be mentioned as two of the best of the Polish tragic poets. The *Glinski* and the *Boleslav*, of the former, are the two finest tragedies in the language. He also wrote a descriptive poem on the "Neighbourhood of Cracow." *Kropinski*'s tragedy of *Ludgarda* is his best known work.

Tomaszewski is an agricultural epic poet. His

prominent works are *Jagellonida* (a history of the kings of the Jagellonian dynasty), and a volume entitled " Polish Georgics."

Kruszyn'ski has translated the Odes of Pope from the English, and of Thomas from the French; the Satires of Boileau and the Britannicus of Racine: and *Morawski* has rendered several other dramatic pieces out of French into Polish.

The verses of *Felinski* (who died in 1820) are graceful, harmonious, and flowing. He translated Racine's Phedra, Delille's Homme des Champs.

Hołani (ob. 1823 rendered the Henriade of Voltaire, and the Idylls of Gessner, into Polish. The former was also translated by *Dębołęcki*.

The posthumous poems of *Godebski* consist of two volumes on various subjects.

The Jesuit *Bohomolec* wrote the first original Polish play in 1757. He began his career by shutting out all female characters from his dramatis personæ; but he

abandoned this absurd exclusion. He composed also the first Polish opera, entitled *Nędza uszczęśliwiona.*

Prince *Adam Czartoryski*, one of the most liberal patrons of national Polish literature, himself added to its treasures by the publication of several dramatic works; among which his *Panna na wydaniu*, *Pysznoski*, and *Kawa* ought especially to be noticed. He published at his own expense the first volume of the Polish Chronicles.

Zablocki takes a high station among the dramatists of Poland. He published odes, satires and bucolics, and translated many of the plays of Moliere and Beaumarchais.

Kossakowski the bishop of Wilna (who died in 1794) published three anonymous comedies, *Warszawianin u domu*, *Panicz Gospodarz*, and *Mądry polak*. *Boguslawski* wrote a History of the Polish Theatre, fourteen volumes of Dramatic Works, *Dzieła dramatyczne;* and ranks with *Dmuszewski*, who published ten volumes bearing the same title. To these must be added the name of *Zółkowski*, a witty dramatist; and of *Kowalski*, the translator of Moliere.

There has been lately published a volume of popular poetical ballads by *Mickiewicz*;—while a passion for modern English poetry has been introduced into Poland by *Sienkiewicz*, whose translations of Byron's Corsair, Scott's Lady of the Lake, and other works, entitle him to honourable mention.

Ostrowski has translated the Bride of Abydos.

I have trespassed already on the limits I had prescribed to myself, and feel that the preceding list may have already wearied the attention of my reader. To it, therefore, I shall only add, that the following names remain to be recorded among the lyric, didactic, and epic Polish poets of the present generation: *Jakubowski, Hulewicz, Fialkowski, Matuscewicz, Gorczyczewski, A. Brodzin'ski, Timowski, Molski, Szukiewicz, Lityn'ski, Wyszkowski, J.* and *C. Nowicki, Zglinicki, Lisiecki, Frankowski, Skomorowski, Malecki, Gorecki,* and *Kiun'ski*;—and as dramatists, *M. B. Tomaszewski, Marewicz, Adamczewski,* and *Pe,kalski*[1].

[1] Schaffarik, 477.

Independently of the works to which I have referred, the following writings may be consulted with great advantage by those who write to inform themselves more thoroughly on the literature of Poland. *Starowolski*'s Scriptores Poloni Hecatontas; *Braun*'s De Scriptorum Poloniæ Virtutibus et Vitiis; *Niesiecki's Korona Polska*; *Kaluski* Bibliotheca Poetarum Polonorum; Polonia Litterata; Excerptum Polonicæ; Literaturæ Musarum Sarmaticarum Specimina; Duclos, Essai sur l'Histoire Litteraire de Pologne; *Juszyn'ski Dykcyonarz Poetów Polskich*; Münnich's Geschichte der Polnische Litteratur; and a variety of articles in the Warsaw and Cracow periodicals.

KOCHANOWSKI.

KOCHANOWSKI.

JOHN KOCHANOWSKI was born at Siczyn in 1530, and died in 1584. He travelled in the south of Europe, and was afterwards advanced to many high offices in the state; but he resigned them all for the sake of retirement and peace. His Latin poetry was deemed superior to that of any of his contemporaries. His writings are very various: he translated many of the classical poets of antiquity, published both mirthful and melancholy compositions; burlesque satires, and tragedies,—but has obtained his principal reputation by a series of *Laments* (Threny), in which he mourns the loss of a little child, whom he represents as gifted with every thing promising, intelligent, and lovely. These compositions certainly overflow with the expressions of passionate grief. But the want of diminutives in our language makes it impossible adequately to convey their tenderness into English. The

well-known Latin verses beginning

"Animula blandula, vagula,"

an estimable Polish friend once pointed out to me as written in the spirit of his favourite bard.

Sarbiewski has translated, or rather imitated two of Kochanowski's odes,—the first beginning

Æterna labes nec reparabile
Polone, damnum. Lyr. lib. iv. od. v.

The other,

Æterna laudum nec violabilis
Polone merces. Od. vi.

Kochanowski printed a drama (*Odprawa posłow greckich*) in hexameter measure. His prose works are scarcely less numerous than his poetical, and are equally distinguished for their grace and purity of style. His brother Andrew Kochanowski translated the Æneid; and his nephew Peter published a version of Tasso's Jerusalem, and twenty-two books of the Orlando Furioso.

THREN I.

Wszytkie płacze, wszytkie łzy Heraklitowe.

COME gather round my dwelling, tears and sighs,
Eloquent woes, and loud-voiced miseries;
All tones of sorrow, anguish and regret,
Hand-wringing grief, and pangs the cheeks that wet;—
Yes! gather round my dwelling, all; and join
Your plaint, your passion with these plaints of mine,
O'er that sweet child whom most unholy death
Hath smitten, and in one outrageous breath
Dispersed all joy?—as when a dragon springs
On Philomela's nest, who sits and sings
Heedless, till roused by cries she flaps her wings,
Flutters around her home, and shrieking tries
To arrest the spoiler;—idle strife! she flies
On wearied wing; in vain,—the abandon'd one
Becomes in turn a prey.—I 'll weep alone,
Weep bitterest tears. Vain too: 't is vain, I know,
All is irreparably vain below;—
We only grasp delusions; life 's a cheat

Of new deceit, but link'd to old deceit.
I know not which is vainer,—if to bear
And struggle with our grief in mute despair,
Or give the anguish passionate vent, as here.

THREN VII.

Nieszczęsne oche,dostwo, z'ałosne ubiory.

Thou Angel child! thy mournful dress before me
Throws bitterer sorrow o'er me:
Thy little ornaments of joy and gladness
Awake a deeper sadness.
Never again to wear your splendours,—never;
All hope is fled for ever.
A sleep, a hard and iron sleep hath bound thee,
Dark night has gather'd round thee.
Thy golden belt is dim; thy flower-wreathed tresses
Scatter'd—Thy summer dresses
Which thy poor mother wrought;—she had array'd thee
For love,—and we have laid thee

In the tomb's bridal bed; and now thy dower
Is a funereal flower,—
A little shroud,—a grave. Sweet child! thy father
Some odorous hay shall gather,
To pillow thy cold head. Death's dormitory
Holds thee, and all thy glory.

THREN IX.

Kupic'by cie, ma,dros'ci za drogie pienia,dze.

My gentle child! and art thou vanished?—Thou
Hast left a dreary blank of sadness now;
Our house though full is desolate and lone
Since thy gay spirit and its smiles are gone:
We heard thy tongue's sweet prattle, and thy song
Echoed in every corner all day long.
Thy mother never grieved, and anxious care
Ne'er rack'd thy father's thoughts while thou wert there;
Now hers—now mine—thy childish fond caress—
The overflow of youth and tenderness.

But all is vacant now,—all dull and dead;
And peace, and hope, and laughing joy are fled;
Our home possess'd by ever present grief,
And the tired spirit vainly seeks relief.

THREN X.

Orszulo moia wdzięczna, gdzieś mi się podziała?

Whither, O whither fled! in what bright sphere
Art thou, my Orzula, a wanderer?
Say, hast thou wing'd above yon heavens thy flight,
A cherub midst the cherubim of light?
Dwell'st thou in Eden's garden?—or at rest
Reposing midst the islands of the blest?
Doth Charon waft thee o'er the gloomy lake,
And bid thee waters of oblivion take?—
I know not; but I know my misery
Is all unknown, is all a blank to thee—
Thy gentle form, thy angel thoughts, where now?
A nightingale of paradise art thou;

Thy mortal taints all purified—if taint
Could stain the spirit of so fair a saint;
Thou art return'd to that same hallow'd spot
Thou didst make holy when earth knew thee not.
But, wheresoe'er thou be, compassionate
My misery. If this terrestrial state
Be closed upon thee—pity still,—and be
A dream, a shadow, something yet to me!

THREN XIII.

Moia wdzięczna Orszulo, boday ty mnie była.

Would thou hadst ne'er been born—or being born
Hadst left me not, sweet infant! thus forlorn:
I have paid lasting woe for fleeting bliss—
A dark farewell, a speechless pang like this:
Thou wert the brightest, fairest dream of sleep;
And as the miser cherishes his heap
Of gold, I held thee: soon 't was fled—and nought
Left but the dreary vacancies of thought,
That once was blessedness.—And *thou* art fled,
Whose fairy vision floated in my head

And play'd around my heart.—And *thou* art gone,
Gone with my joys; and I am left alone:
Half of my soul took flight with thee, the rest
Clings to thy broken shadow in my breast.

Come raise her tombstone, sculptor! Let there be
This simple offering to her memory,—
"Her father's love;—his Ursula lies here,
His love;—Alas! his tears, his misery.
Thine was a barbarous mandate, death! The tear
I drop for her, she should have shed for me."

The following epitaph was written on his elder daughter, who soon followed Ursula to the tomb.

Thou, Anna! too, thy sister's track hast trod,
And prematurely sought death's dark abode;
Grief soon shall call your father to his God,
To brighter worlds beyond life's dismal road.

PIESN XIII.

Snie, Który uczysz umierać człowiéka.

SWEET sleep! sure man might learn to die from thee,
Who dost unravel all death's mystery;
Come, spread thy balmy influence o'er my soul,
And let it soar, beyond the world's control,
Up to the realms where morning has its birth,
Down to the abyss whence darkness wraps the earth.
Where time has piled its everlasting snows,
Where parch'd by sunbeams not a fountain flows:
O let it count each bright and wandering star,
Or trace its mazy pilgrimage afar;
Sit in the centre, while each circling sphere
Pours its aërial music on the ear;
Drink of the o'erflowing cup of joy and peace,
While the tired body sleeps in weariness:
No dreams to hang upon its mortal breath;—
And so—undying—let it taste of death.

TALES OF ST. JOHN'S EVE,

OR

SOBOLKA FIRE[1].

Gdy słónce Raka zagrzewa.

When first the sunbeams Cancer fill,
And the loud nightingale is still,
In *Czarny Las*[2] from oldest days
Sobolka fire is wont to blaze.

The neighbouring swain, the distant guest
Around the sacred fire have prest,
The orchards with the joyous sound
Of three gay fiddlers laugh around.

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[1] In Poland, as in most Catholic countries, St. John's day is a time of great festivity; and in the evening the Poles are accustomed in their meadows, and particularly by the side of rivers, to light large fires, and to dance round them singing ancient songs. Kochanowski, to whom the Black Forest belonged as an hereditary possession, used to gather the youths and maidens together, in order to celebrate the festival in the very manner in which he has described it. Niemcewicz has published a drama called "Kochanowski," and there introduced the old poet with the nymphs singing around him.

[2] Czarny Las—The Black Forest.

On the green turf they take their seat,
Where twice six maidens fair and neat,
Their ornaments and dress as one,
Are girdled with the same bright zone.

And skill'd in dance are all the throng,
And all are skill'd in gentle song;
To all the call of music rings,
And thus the foremost maiden sings.

PANNA I.

Sisters! the fire is blazing high,
And all proclaims festivity;
Now join your friendly hands to mine,
And let our mirthful voices join.

Sweet night! be fair and tranquil now,
No rain-storm rage, no tempest blow;—
Sweet night! where we may watch and wake
Until the dawn of morning break.

We learnt it from our mothers—they
From theirs—from centuries far away,

Upon St. John's joy-rousing night
Sobotka's festal fire to light.

Youths, reverence now, while ye behold
Mementos of the days of old;
Let joyful hours breathe joy again,
And gladness revel now as then!

Their festal moments they enjoy'd,
Yet wisely all their time employ'd;
Earth bore its fruits, and gratitude
Pour'd forth its praise to heaven all-good.

But now both late and hard we toil,
Our festivals are but turmoil:
Our gains are neither much nor sure,
And though not pious we are poor.

Come sisters! then;—this holy night
Is with old time's resplendence bright;
Blaze, blaze anew, Sobotka fire!
Till lull'd by song the night retire.

PANNA II.

This is my fault; I 'll guilty plead,
I love to dance—I do indeed.
Come tell me, neighbours, does the love
Of dancing all your spirits move?

I see your smiles,—your smiles betray
Your sympathy in what I say;
Come join the round,—why sit ye still?—
And dance and leap with hearty will.

I spring—I leap—I cannot be
A statue, and 't is sweet to me
To hear the beating tamborine:
No mortal could keep still I ween.

O thou art mighty—graceful one,
That wakest music's thrilling tone;
The village listens to thy lay,
It calls,—we hear,—and swift obey.

Here midst the crowds each maid may start,
Who is the empress of thy heart:—
Say, is she here?—O why inquire!
She is not here—thy heart's desire.

No! join our song—thy twinkling feet
Some other twinkling ones may meet;
And here, amidst our joyous band,
Some maid may yet invite thy hand.

To man—to man alone has Heaven
The privilege of laughter given;
And this—and this alone has he,
In proof of noble ancestry.

O it were foolish—it were vain,
So high a privilege to disdain;
And let the wretch go whine and weep,
Who mirth's gay revel dares not keep.

Laugh on! laugh on! and though at nought,
Still laughter is a pleasant thought;
Laugh at my folly, or my sense,—
Laugh on! laugh on! on some pretence.

I am not sad—I can't be sad;
Be maidens, all, like me,—be glad;
For sorrow wrinkles o'er the brow
Ere time tells when, or thought knows how.

But health and youth delight to stay,
Where youth is glad, and age is gay;
Where years may hasten as they will,
And eld is in its boyhood still.

Come follow, circle,—all around
Let the light song of joy rebound;
And maiden, sing! be ready,—thine
The task to waken notes like mine.

PANNA IV.

The fairest flow'rets of the mead
I wreathe in garlands for thy head,—
For thee, for none but thee, who art
The very empress of my heart.

O place upon thy graceful brow
The blooming wreath I offer now,

So let me in thy bosom rest
As thou dost dwell within my breast.

There's not a moment but doth bring
Thy memory upon its wing;
Sleep cannot drive thy thoughts from me,
For when I sleep I dream of thee.

And may I hope thou dost not deem
Me worthless of thy heart's esteem;
That thou wilt hear my passion's tone,
And recompense it with thine own?

But O! my tongue cannot conceal
The thoughts, the fears, the doubts I feel—
That other longing eyes may stray
O'er charms so beautiful, so gay.

O maiden! if those charms are mine,
Veil, veil from all those charms of thine;
For it were madness should they move
Other impassion'd youths to love.

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All other ills I 'll calmly share,—
Injury and insult I can bear;
But not to see another dwell
In thine eyes' sunshine,—that were hell.

PANNA XII.

Sweet village! peace and joy's retreat!
O who shall tune thy praise to song!
O who shall wake a music meet
Thy smiles, thy pleasures to prolong!

Bliss dwells within thy solitude,
Which selfish avarice never stains[1],
Where thought and habit make us good,
And sweet contentment gilds our gains.

Let others seek a dazzling court,
Where treachery poisons eye and ear;
Or to the troubled sea resort,
With death and danger ever near.

[1] Usury was considered a most degrading vice among the old Sclavonians.

Let others sell their tongues for hire[1],
With falsehood and with trick delude;
Or fame, or victory's wreath acquire,
By deeds of darkness and of blood.

The ploughman tills the fertile field,
His children bless his daily care;
While the rich fruits his labours yield,
His well-contented household share.

For him the bee its honey stocks,
For him its gifts the orchard holds;
For him are shorn the fleecy flocks,
For him the lambkins fill the folds.

He gathers from the generous meads
Their offering to his annual store,
And winter with her snow-storms leads
Repose and pleasure to his door.

Round the fire they tell their tales,
The songs are sung with smiles and glee;

[1] Professors of the law.

The bowing dance again prevails [1]
The *cenar* and the *goniony* [2].

At twilight's hour the swains repair
To where the crafty foxes hie;
The hare, the thoughtless fowls they snare,
And aye return with full supply.

Or in the stream the baited hook,—
The light and treacherous net they fling,
While near the gently echoing brook
The warblers of the forest sing.

The cattle seek the watery mead,
The shepherd sits in solitude,
While to his gay and rustic reed
Dance all the Nymphs that grace the wood.

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[1] *Bowing dance.* The old Polonaise, something like a minuet.

[2] Amusements of the old Poles. These names are almost obsolete now. The *Cenar* perhaps may be translated *Blind Harry*, which is now called in Poland *Slepa babka*, and in Lithuania *Zmurki*. *Goniony* may be rendered *Hide and Seek*. The whole of this poem is popular throughout Poland: it is known by every child.

At home the housewife's busy hands
The evening's frugal meal provide:
Tis all the produce of her lands—
No wish is breathed for aught beside.

She counts the herds; she knows the sheep
When from the pasture-meads they come:—
Her busy eyes can never sleep,
Abroad they watch—direct at home.

The little children reverent bow,
And ask an aged grandsire's love,
Who tenderly instructs them how
In peace and virtue's path to move.

So rolls the day;—but many a sun
Would sink his chariot in the sea,
Were I to end the tale begun
Of rural joy and revelry.

SZYMONOWICZ.

SZYMONOWICZ.

Simon Szymonowicz was born at Leopol in 1553, and died in 1624[1]. He was of low origin, but was ennobled by the king of Poland on account of his writings. He was the friend of the Chancellor Zamoyski, who engaged him as the tutor of his son, and rewarded him with an estate near Zamosc. Clement the Eighth sent him a laurel crown; and he obtained for his Latin writings the title of the Latin Pindar. His works are principally pastoral: the beauty of the scenery among which he passed his life, the valleys and hills which are on the lower range of the Carpathian mountains, probably led him to the pastoral and descriptive style of writing. He published some religious dramas, or mysteries,—a sort of composition very po-

[1] Schaffarik says (and I am inclined to think he is right) nat. 1558, ob. 1629.

pular among the Catholics of his day, the best of which is said to be "Joseph the Chaste." His Idyls have been lately republished with the pastoral poetry of Zimorowicz, Gawinski, and Minasowicz, to which is added Nagurczewski's translation of Virgil's Eclogues, in one volume, entitled *Sielanki Polskie.*

SIELANKA[1] I.

PASTORAL ECLOGUE.

Kozy, ucieszne kozy, ma trzodo iedyna!

DAPHNIS.

GOATS of my flock, my sole possessions, come—
Mid meadows, nut-trees, brush-wood make your home,
Eat the green leaves, the tender sprouts; and here
By the still waters I'll repose me near,
And lull to rest my grief by sleep, or song:—
My Phyllis has disturb'd the calming throng

[1] Derived from Sielo (*village*).

Of gentle thoughts. O cruel! whatsoe'er
Fate rules, the heart must feed on, and must bear.
Thou hast forgotten all,—my broken joy,
My soul's distraction, and the sharp annoy
Of a corroding chain; desire intense,
Faith-plighted, passionate love and confidence,
For thee my orchards bore their fruits: I bid
My folds supply thee milk, and every kid
And every snowy lamb was thine. For thee
I track'd through woods the honey-bearing bee[1].
And *I* was wholly thine.—My ceaseless lays
Waked thousand shepherds' voices in thy praise:
For thou wert erst unknown, or unesteem'd;
They call'd thee a mean maiden, and they deem'd
Thy bright eyes a black gipsy's: but my lyre
Gave glory to thy stately footsteps, fire
To thy shrewd glances;—thou wert tall and straight
As the unchanging fir-tree, and thy gait
Became majestic: roses and snow-milk
Painted thy cheeks; thy hair was softest silk,

[1] In Poland the wild bees are sought in the woods, where it is customary to bore the trees for their reception. The honey is collected in the beginning of autumn. These hollowed trees are called *Barci*.

Coral thy lips, and pearls thy teeth: applause
Every where greeted thee;—and I the cause—
I tuned thy charms to song; and my reward
Is thy contempt,—and the enamour'd bard
Is left to misery. While the noontide ray
Gilds with its brightness all the charms of day,—
While in the woodlands birds and flocks repose,
And from its toils the weary heifer goes,—
While the green lizards round their dwellings green
Play joyous,—I am left to mourn unseen,
O'er shatter'd hopes and shipwreck'd thoughts. I try
To appease their busy tumult fruitlessly.
The lion hunts the wolf—the wolf pursues
The goat—the goat is pleased among the dews
Of the red heath:—my sorrow clings to thee;—
All have their passions and pursuits;—none free
From the indwelling worm of grief. I caught
A pair of lovely deer, to whom I taught
Obedience;—from my goats they drank their food;
I wean'd them from their savage solitude,
And many a maiden covets them;—but thou
Think'st all my offerings poor and worthless now.
Hark! for the woods are full of music! See
O'er the gay fields the flocks sport joyously

How blest we here might dwell; how calmly go
To the cold boundary of life's toils below,—
Wouldst thou but smile upon my humble cot,
And from thy gentle bosom chase me not.
Here the soft mosses o'er the grottos grow,
And shades and woods repose, and streamlets flow
O'er stony beds; the poplars tall, the wide
And ample lindens; elms and oaks, the pride
Of centuries. But without thy soothing voice
No streams harmonious roll, no woods rejoice,
No charms are charming.—Wherefore should I be
So worthless, so indifferent, love! to thee?
I look'd into the glassy stream, I sought
Some hidden cause of thy ungenerous thought;—
None could I find. My sheep are in the field,—
They feed, they prosper; and my goat-flocks yield
Annual increase. I have a rich supply
Of milk, and I am skill'd in poetry
And the sweet lyre, even like that swain of old,
Amphion, watching o'er his ravish'd fold
And waking song; while at his wild harp's sound
The woods and all their tenants danced around.
It matters not; my song is vain, and vain
All my bewailing: I must bear the pain

Unmurmuring, for my murmurs are to thee
A selfish triumph, and thy cruelty
Nothing can soften. Dost thou scorn me? Who
Possesses that false heart that once was true?—
Laugh on! laugh on! A lion's whelp art thou,
And I a silly lamb. My ice-cold brow
The grave's dull earth shall soon be crumbled over,
And this shall be my epitaph of woe;—
"The cruel Phyllis has destroy'd her lover."

SIELANKA XIV.

CZARY.

WITCHCRAFT.

Juz' to trzecia noc, iako doma niemasz mego.

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

THREE nights have pass'd since he left me here,
And something is amiss I fear;
Yes! surely something is amiss;—
And what he does, and where he is,

I can't divine:—And who can bear
The throb of doubt and woe like this!

Thestyli, bring for magic's rites
The awful tools—To-night, to-night,
My heart shall summon witchcraft's sprites,
And revel in the wild delight.
Why did he marry thus to leave me?—
He well may grieve, who thus could grieve me.
I'll pour perdition on the maid
Who first his faithless passions sway'd:
She wounded me,—it shall return,
Canker'd within her heart to burn.

* * * *

Moon! I conjure thee—thou art pure;
Yet when thou know'st my wrongs, thy eyes,
Pitying the miseries I endure,
Will show the midnight's mysteries
To me, the wretched!—I was chaste
And lovely;—from my parents' home
He bore me, in his scorn to waste
Affection's blush and passion's bloom;—
A wife unstain'd, a faithful mate,
He leaves me to be desolate.

Pledged faith! Avenge, avenge me now!
Thou God above! look down below:
He sees thee not—he knows thee not;
Be shame and wretchedness his lot!
His heart is scared—his thoughts rebel,—
Now scathe him with the fires of hell!
'Tis an unholy task, I know;
But grief is deaf—it must be so:
I know damnation's fiends await
Those who would tear the veils of fate.
It must be so, I cannot stay,—
Come, tardy Thestili, obey!

Pour white millet on the pan,
Shake it o'er the glowing fire;
Fan, the blazing cauldron fan,—
Stronger the flame must burn, and higher.
Husband, turn to thy wife's desire:
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—Come, husband, come!

He burns my heart;—on his head I burn
The crumbled leaves of the blister-tree;

And as the leaves to ashes turn,
So let his heart burn scorchingly.
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—Come, husband, come!

I melt the wax in the furnace heat:—
As the earth is soften'd by summer rain,
So let him dissolve in a burning sweat,
And pass into dew for his cold disdain.
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—Come, husband, come!

I turn the spindle:—I fain would turn
His faithless heart. No rest shall light
On his anxious soul; and visions stern
Shall be his by day, and dreams by night.
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—Come, husband, come!

My head-dress in three-fold knots I tie,
And my hair in tresses;—so bind his soul;
Let them tangle, until his heart shall fly
From unhallow'd passion's fierce control.
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—Come, husband, come!

Place in the vessel a midnight bat;
Let it burn,—let it burn,—and the magic spell
Shall bear him to torments worse than that,—
O, would I could add the fire of hell!
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—Come, husband, come.

These poisonous weeds to a loathsome toad
Transform'd an old woman,—Away, away
Through the air on a fiery pole she rode:—
Burn,—burn,—he cannot resist their sway.
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—Come, husband, come!

I have a kerchief, which erst in dance,
When I was a maid, he threw at me,
While wet with the dew of his countenance:—
As his sweat, the foam of his mouth shall be.
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—Come, husband, come.

Grits boil in this apron—boil! It boils!
No fire is there;—the spell succeeds.
He comes!—he comes!—to reward my toils;
I hear the barking hounds through the reeds.

I hear him knock—The boilings cease,
The howling dogs are now at peace.
'Tis he!—'tis he!—they knew him well,
They knew him by their eager smell.
So punish'd, he will perhaps improve:
But shall I welcome him with love,
Or wait till he has rested? He
Is panting hard.—'Twas marvellously
Well done,—for force must act on will,
Where will rebels.—Fire, brighten still!
O aid me, mighty craft! till grief
In dark revenge obtain relief.

Burn, tendons,—tell me when they smoke:—
So may the accursed members shrivel
(As when my heart in anguish broke)
Of that seducing fiend of evil.
Revenge, revenge, dark craft! till grief
In ample vengeance find relief.

Now strip these rags at my behest,
Her corpse through dirt let hangmen draw,

Let fiery pincers tear her breast,
And to the hounds her body throw.
So aid me, mighty craft! till grief
In dark revenge obtain relief.

Thou owl! that hootest through the wood,
In vain thou shalt no longer hoot,—
Before, behind, in solitude
And through the world, screech 'Prostitute!'
So aid me, mighty craft! till grief
In full revenge obtain relief.

Spit thrice, and as the spittle falls,
Curse her; and let her face be thick
With plague-spots,—sores, and wounds, and galls
Pollute her: let her foul hands pick
The living worms that o'er her creep;—
Then rot upon pollution's heap.

My ears with music ring—I start—
O, thou hast triumph'd, mighty art!
Vengeance upon her head descend!
Be welcome—welcome now, my friend!

But he is come—is come at last,
He came half-booted—came in haste.
I pity—but forgive.—Indeed
The heart is glad, he caused to bleed.

EPIGRAMS.

THE HARE.

The hounds pursue me in their cruel course;—
I turn'd; I saw the huntsman from his horse
Fall death-struck to the ground. So perish all
Who plot, or see unmoved another's fall.

THE WOLF.

Ye drag me through the village, peasants! Good!
I have a thousand brothers in the wood:—
Yes! yes! insult the dead! My life you rive,
But thousands to avenge me are alive.

THE OLD COCK.

In my young days full many a fight I won;
But I am old, and all my glory 's gone:
The young subdue me, and the vulture's throat
Is now my tomb. I can avenge it not.

ZIMOROWICZ.

ZIMOROWICZ.

Simeon Zimorowicz was born at Leopol, in 1604. He died prematurely in 1629. He followed in the steps of his friend, and claimed no merit but that of imitating Szymonowicz. He has more poetical force than the latter, but far less grace and harmony. He was buried in the convent of Dominican Friars at Cracow, where the following inscription covers his remains:

Subter te, qui legis,
Simeon Zimorowicz Leopoliensis
Omnium Musarum et Gratiarum
Floridus Adolescens
Particulam Terræ Roxolanæ
Cum calculo abjecit:
Ipse Indole, Litteris, Moribus
Annos xxv supergressus
Rediit unde venerat
Anno 1629, Die 21 Junii

Cui
F R. M R. Lacrymas et longum Vale
Tu Supremum Have da et I.

SONG.

Widziałem cie, z okieneczka, kiedys' przechodził.

I saw thee from my casement high,
And watch'd thy speaking countenance;
With silent step thou glidest by,
And didst not cast a hurried glance
Upon my mean abode, nor me.

Then misery smote me:—but for Heaven
I should have fallen scathed and dead.
I blame thee not,—thou art forgiven;
I yet may hear thy gentle tread,
When evening shall o'ermantle thee.

The evening came,—then mantling night;
I waited till the full moon tower'd

High in the heaven. My longing sight
Perceived thee not :—the damp mists lower'd ;
In vain I sought thee anxiously.

Didst thou upon some privileged leaf
My name record, and to the wind
Commit it,—bid it charm my grief,
Bear some sweet influence to my mind,
And set me from despairing free ?

Where are the strains of music now,—
The song, the dance, that morn and eve
Were heard around my house,—when low
And sweet thy voice was wont to heave
Soft sighs and gentle thoughts for me ?

'Tis past, 'tis past,—and in my heart
Is sorrow,—silence in my ear :
The vain world's wonted smiles depart ;
Joy and the spring-tide of the year,
Fond youth ! are scatter'd speedily.

Thou hast not said Farewell ! No sleep
Shall close my mourning eye,—the night

Is gloomy now. Go, minstrel, weep!
For I shall weep,—and sorrow's blight
That scathes my heart shall visit thee.

SIELANKA.

Wdzięczny Zephirze, lecąc, s'rodkiem Ukrainy.

ZEPHYR! that gently o'er Ukraine art flying,
Go and salute my Marina for me;
Whisper her tenderly, soothingly sighing
"Lo! he has sent these soft accents to thee!"

Why dost thou dwell, my sweet maiden, so lonely?
Why dost thou dwell in so gloomy a spot?
Think of the palace of Leopol[1];—only
Think, my fair maid! though thou visit it not.

There in thy bower is a window, where seated
Often thou sheddest a smile on thy swain;—
There have my sighs oft an audience intreated;—
Maiden! that window invites thee again.

[1] Leopol is the capital of Red Russia, Roxolania, now Austrian Galicia. It was founded by Leo Raku, whence its name.

Lady! the thought of thy absence has shaded
Even the flow'rets with sorrow and gloom;
All the bright roses and lilies are faded,
And my gay orchard is stripp'd of its bloom.

Come, my fair maid, with thy beautiful blushes,
Shine o'er our turrets,—O come for a while!
Smile on us, Lady,—O smile,—though Red Russia's
Twice-castled towers may deserve not thy smile.

Lo! it expects thee,—its *Lions*[1] await thee,
Watching like sentinels fix'd on the height;
Sleepless and eager to welcome and greet thee,
When thy fair vision shall dawn on their sight.

Haste, maiden, haste! scatter blessings around thee;
Laughter and wit are awaiting thee here;
Courtesies, feastings, and smiles shall be found thee,
Wanderings[2] and wassails to honour thee, dear!

Here have we centred the graces and pleasures,
Come, thou bright lady! inherit them now;—
Russia pours out all her charms and her treasures,
Nothing is wanting,—O nothing, but Thou.

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[1] Lions.—The arms of Leopol are Lions.

[2] Original:—ramblings in the country.

SIELANKA.

Ukochana Lancelloto? Ciebe nie prosze, o złoto,

It is not gold that I entreat,
I would not have thy riches, sweet!
I supplicate no gems from thee,
I want no rings of brilliancy;—
But give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

When thou didst plant those flow'rets, thou
Didst pledge the wreath to bind my brow;
The wreath is woven, now convey
The wreath to me as thou didst say:
Come, give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

It will not, cannot make thee poor;
But, lovely maid! I 'll give thee more
Than its most precious price,—I 'll buy
The bargain though thou prize it high.
But give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

They cost thee nought, those simple flowers.
Some maids must give with garlands, dowers:
Yet I will give a dower to thee,
And take the wreath,—so give it me;—
Yes! give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

If not for love nor friendship's sake
A *present* of the wreath thou 'lt make,
I 'll *give* thee for thy garland now,
The Turkish turban on my brow.
So give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

'T will fade ere long,—the summer sky
Will blast its bloom—its flowers will die;
Though suns be cool, and winds should sleep,
Soon autumn's chill will o'er it creep.
Come, give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

Thou wilt not stain thy virtue, maid!
No shame thy footsteps shall invade,
Though thou didst wear a wreath of truth,
And gav'st it to a faithful youth.

So give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

O is it not a praise, a bliss,
For such a trifling gift as this,—
A few frail flowers that soon must die,—
To find a friend—eternally!
Then give me, give me, lovely maid!
The rosemary wreath that crowns thy head.

SIELANKA.

Rozyna mi w taneczku Pomarańcze dała.

Rosina while dancing, an orange convey'd,
And promised the garland that circled her head;
I gave her my hand and with love and desire
The orange was turn'd to a ball of bright fire.
It burnt like a coal from the furnace; and made
Its way to my heart, while it fever'd my head.
Rosina! my flame!—that fair orange of gold
Has kindled a passion which may not be told.

I have learnt what love is;—not Venus the fair,
But the whelp of a lioness fierce in her lair;
She-tiger of Caucasus, nurtured to scorn
The hearts that are broken, and souls that are torn.

SIELANKA.

Roxolanki ukochane! Przecz usła wasze rózane.

MAID of Roxolania fair! by your lips of roses swear
Why your lyre's sublimest tone sings the graceful Thelegdon.
'T is that noblest passion's praise merits aye the noblest lays.
Light of love, whose kindling stream shines like morning's dewy beam;
Not so bright the dawn which shakes splendent ringlets when she wakes.
Not so rich her lips of red, when their balmy breath they spread;
Not so glorious is her eye, burning in its richest dye;

Not so modest when her face shadows all its blushing grace.
Yet if heaven's thick-scattered light seeks to be more pure, more bright,
'T is from her their rays they 'll take.—Goddess of the frozen lake,
Genii of the wintry snow, warm ye in her beauty's glow.
Not the immeasurable sea,—not the tide's profundity,—
Not the ceaseless years that sweep,—not the murmur of the deep,
Shall outlive that maiden pure,—shall beyond her fame endure.
Joyous hours again renew,—songs of praise and rapture too;
Maid of Roxolania praise,—praise the fair one in your lays.

SARBIEWSKI.

SARBIEWSKI.

MATTHEW CASIMIR SARBIEWSKI, commonly known by the name of CASIMIR, was born in 1595. He was educated by the Jesuits, and filled the theological chair at Wilna. He was the court preacher to Wladislaw the Fourth, and died in Warsaw in 1640. He had travelled in early life in the south of Europe, and had established many intimate friendships with the literary men of his time. His Latin poems are well known; Dr. Watts translated and imitated many of them in his Lyrics. There are few writers whose Latinity is so pure as that of Sarbiewski,—who is only one of the many Poles who have published Latin poetry. The most distinguished next to Sarbiewski are, Janicki, who at the beginning of the 16th century was poet-laureate to His Holiness, and died in his 28th year; and Skop a peasant, who passed the early part of his life as a soldier, visited England, and returned to devote himself to poetical studies. In the time of Dr. Connor, "almost all

the common people," to use his own words; "spoke Latin currently;" and even now the use of that language is very extensive. Formerly it was employed in courts of law, in the churches, and in conversation among the higher classes. Grotius was a great admirer of Sarbiewski's Odes. He began an epic poem on the history of Poland, and published some prose works on poetry and mythology.

An interesting account of, and a valuable criticism on Sarbievius, by Mr. Walker of Cambridge, will be found in the *Classical Journal*, No. xxv. p. 103. I should have elevated our author in popular opinion, if, instead of my own translations, I could have published those with which Mr. Walker has favoured me,—but, I believe, not the world.

SAPPHICS.

TO A ROSE.

INTENDED TO BE USED IN THE GARLANDS FOR DECORATING THE HEAD OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

Siderum sacros imitata vultus.—Lib. iv. Ode 18.

Rose of the morning, in thy glowing beauty
Bright as the stars, and delicate and lovely,

Lift up thy head above thy earthly dwelling,
Daughter of heaven!

Wake! for the watery clouds are all dispersing;
Zephyr invites thee,—frosts and snows of winter
All are departed, and Favonian breezes
Welcome thee smiling.

Rise in thy beauty,—Wilt thou form a garland
Round the fair brow of some beloved maiden?
Pure though she be, unhallow'd temple never,
Flow'ret! shall wear thee.

Thou shouldst be wreath'd in coronal immortal,—
Thou shouldst be flung upon a shrine eternal,—
Thou shouldst be twined among the golden ringlets
Of the pure Virgin.

SAPPHICS.

TO THE POLISH AND LITHUANIAN KNIGHTS.

Exteros mores prohibete pulchra.—Lib. iv. Od. 36.

"THEBANS! O let no foreign customs throw their
Scandal among you. Teach religious duties,
Laws of your country, virtues of your fathers,
Teach to your children.

" Sacred your temples,—your tribunals, justice;
Peace, truth, and love dwell midst you, omnipresent;
All that is vile and all that is unholy
Drive from your city!

" Walls screen not crime; and punishment will force its
Way through the tower, and through the thrice-bound portal,
Smiting the vicious. Thunderbolts but wait to
Burst on the vile one.

" Painted deceit, tyrannical ambition,
Wealth-seeking lust, and luxury's excesses,—
Chase them far from you; let them never hold a
Throne in your bosoms.

" Poverty gives to man unwonted vigour,
Teaches him patience 'neath the weight of suffering,
Arms him with courage;—but the stolen armour
Wearies, though golden.

" Whether your lot be war or peace, ye Thebans!
Still be united;—for united brothers

Stand like a temple on a hundred pillars
Firmly supported!

"So midst the rocks the sailor in his prudence
Looks to the stars; and so the friendly anchor
Steadies the vessel on the heaving ocean,—
Steadies it surely.

"So doth the bond that binds the social fabric
Strengthen; while strife and mighty fraud and rancour
Overthrow cities, threatening desolation
E'en to the mightiest."

Thus from his lyre in tones of wonted sweetness
Breathed out Amphion,—while in silent pleasure
Dirce stood listening, and the glad Cithæron
Waved its green branches.

So o'er the fields the rocks and cliffs delighted
Danced in their joy, and from the lofty mountain
Bow'd the tall trees,—and all the hills of granite
Shouted accordant.

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Then the bard ceased;—and stones to stones united,
Form'd in firm walls around the steadfast city,
And her seven brazen portals on their hinges
Stood in their firmness.

SAPPHICS.

TO PUBLIUS.

Quæ tegit canas modò bruma valleis.—Lib. ii. Od. 2.

Veil'd are the valleys with their hoary whiteness,
Which they shall banish when the sun awaking
Looks o'er the mountains. Snowy age, whose winter
Throws on thy forehead

Hoar-frost, will sweep that hoar-frost from thee never,
Never. Its spring, its summer, and its autumn
Hasten and fly,—they crowd on one another,
Swiftly they hasten.

But the cold winter and thy snowy hairs will
Cleave to thee ever. Nor will fragrant spikenard,
Nor the choice flowers of spring create the tinges
Of thy young beauty.

One whom we love had youth conferr'd upon us,—
One whom we love age snatcheth from our bosom;—
Publius! enjoy the years of life twice over,
Glory pursuing.

He hath lived long and well, whose death enforces
Tears from his neighbours,—who has made his glory
Heir to himself;—rapacious time will plunder
All, all besides it.

CHORIAMBICS.

TO THE CICADA.

O quæ populeâ summa sedens comâ.—Lib. iv. Od. 23.

Thou, whose voice in the grove's silence is heard
aloft,
While thou drinkest the tear-drops of the heavenly
dews,
Thy sweet music, Cicada,
In thine ecstasy, pouring forth.

Come, come, Summer on light wheels is advancing
fast,
While the hastening suns move, be they hail'd but
chid

For their tarrying too long,
When the frosts of the winter flee.

As days dawn in their joy, so they depart in haste,
So flee, speedily flee; speedily speeds our bliss,
Too short are its abidings,
But grief lingeringly dwells with man.

ALCAICS.

TO HIS LYRE.

Sonora Buxi filia sutilis.—Lib. ii. Od. 3.

Sonorous harp! hang high on the poplar tree,
Thou chorded shell, thou daughter of harmony!
While zephyr-smiles, and breezes courting,
Play round the tops of the tallest branches.

Soft round thy strings blows Eurus, and whispering
Breathes gentle tones.—I throw me down carelessly,
Pleased throw my head on verdant margin;
Rapidly mantles the arch of heaven

Clouds, darksome clouds. Ah! list to the clattering
Rain-drops. Arise! Our pleasures they rapidly
Glide, wing'd by speed, their steps how hurried;
Fleetingly ever they hasten onward.

TO LIBERTY.

FREE TRANSLATION.

Nam quæ revisas limina dulcius.—Lib. iv. Od. 38.

QUEEN of brave nations,—Liberty!
What land thy favourite seat shall be?
What land more suited to thy reign,
Than Poland's or Batavia's plain?
Daughter of counsel, and of bliss
The mother, and the nurse of peace;
Thou, sought midst many dangers round,
Midst more than many dangers found,—
Higher than thrones thy throne we see,
Majestic more than majesty[1];
Thou mistress of our country's fame,
Now stop thy course,—thy smile we claim;
Arrest thy cloud-encircled car,
And linger where thy votaries are!

O see upon thy Vistula
Lithuania's sons in long array,

[1] ——— Regibus altior,
Ipsaque Majestate major.

The Lechan and Littavian ranks,
Like sea-waves gathering on its banks;
No servile crowds we bring to thee,
But heirs of ancient bravery,—
Sons of the North, whose blood remains
As pure as in their fathers' veins;
Untaught from faith and truth to swerve,
Train'd by the laws their king to serve,—
They spurn a stranger's stern commands,
And love their land o'er other lands.

And is there aught so purely bright,
As when in truth and virtue's light
Impartial Freedom deigns to shed
Her joys on prince and people's head!
Then the unfetter'd man disdains
Sloth's soul-debilitating chains,
And Genius, like a conqueror, flies
On to the goal, and claims the prize.

No foreign calls our ranks can move;
We but obey the chief we love,
And follow where his footsteps lead,
To freedom's goal and victory's meed:

As o'er Carpathia's hoary height
Our sires achiev'd the glorious fight;
As on the wide-spread field of Thrace
Our fathers found their triumph-place;
As when our flags waved smiling o'er
The Bosphorus and the Baltic shore;—
And proud Teutonia, bearing all
Her Asian spoils, was forced to fall
Before those iron columns we
Had rear'd to mark our sovereignty;
Those mighty trophies of the brave,
The unconquerable Boleslaw;
And by the Borysthenes' side,
And by the Volga's current wide,
And past the Alexandrian shrines,
And to those dark Lapponian mines
Where the fierce North-wind has its birth:—
We trod the far Danubian earth,
Saw old Boötes freeze his waves,
And dug for the Mæotians, graves.

Are we degenerate?—shall the fame
Of our own fathers blast our name?

Smile on our prayers, O Liberty!
And let the world thy dwelling be.

Urban[1] and Ferdinand combine,
O Wladislaw, their powers with thine,
And the world calls thee to confer
Her laurels on the conqueror,—
Thou, Sigismund's illustrious son,
Thou, of the blood of Jagellon!
O what can darken, what delay
The glory of our future day?

Hail, Wladislaw! thou hope of man,—
Fav'rite of God,—our Poland's van:
All hail! our warrior-senate cries,
All hail! a people's voice replies;
A thousand lances shine around,
And hills and vales and woods resound
The song of joy. And raised above
His watery throne, his praise and love

[1] Urban VIII. who distinguished Sarbiewski by very marked attentions; and when they parted, hung round his neck a golden chain, to which a miniature of His Holiness was attached.

Old Vistula shouts forth;—their brows
Proudly the Crapack mountains bow
In homage.

Say what project vast
Struggling in thy great soul thou hast?
For such a soul unceasing teems
With mighty thoughts and glorious dreams,
And still springs forward to the praise
Of distant deeds and future days:
Nor sloth nor luxury shall impede
That opening fame, that dawning deed;
Or quiet wisdom to o'erthrow
The dark designings of the foe,
Or splendid daring—swift and bold,
Sweeping like surges uncontroll'd,
The heir-loom of thy sires of old.

Thus did the Jagellons,—they spread
Their praise, their glory, and their dread—
Envied, admired, and fear'd:—the son
Soon made the father's fame his own:
And envy's wing could not pursue
A flight so high and glorious too;

The ambitious son outshone the sire,
As glory's mark ascended higher,
Till to our thought no hopes remain
Their fame and glory to maintain.
This is our noblest heritage,—
A name, bequeath'd from age to age.
For thee, from centuries afar
A mingled wreath of peace and war,
Have generations waited,—now,
Wear the proud trophy on thy brow:
Make all thy father's victories thine,
With these thy gentle virtues twine;
Success shall show thee fairer,—woe
Shall bid thy roots yet deeper grow.
Such are Sarmatia's prayers.—Her prayers
Up to the heavens an angel bears;
On vows no chance shall e'er repeal
Eternity hath set his seal.

GAWINSKI.

GAWINSKI.

JOHN GAWINSKI was born in Cracow in the beginning of the seventeenth century. His writings consist mostly of Pastorals and of Epigrams, of which three, which I have versified, are given in the Letters on Poland, pp. 165, 166. The titles of his principal works are: *Sielanki i róż ne nadgrobi. Sielanki nowo napisane. Fortuna. Venus polska. Treny żałobne.*

SIELANKA.

IN the fair fields of Rzeczniow, a glade
Was circled by a forest's budding shade;
There Amaryllis lay,—her flocks she kept,
While midst the spreading shrubs in peace they slept.

There 'neath the branches of an ancient tree
Damet and Myrtil sat, and skilfully
Waked the reed's music, told the pleasing dream
Of love and courtship's joys;—and this their theme.

DAMET.

Gay o'er the meadows wends the songful bee,
From flower to flower swift-glancing sportively,
Robbing their hidden sweets:—yet if decay
Wither the flower, she turns and speeds away.
I am a bee, that seek the sweets whose taste
Is fresh and fragrant, spring-begotten, chaste:—
Sweet Amaryllis! my fair rose thou art;
But know, no wither'd rose can charm the heart.

MYRTIL.

A snow-white turtle on a fountain's side
Bends o'er the mirror-stream with joy and pride;
He pecks his plumes, and in the water clear
Washes his silvery feathers;—fluttering there
He sees another dove, and nods, and coos,
And flaps his wings. Poor turtle-dove! amuse
Thyself with the delusion, the deceit!
Thyself thou dost bewray—thyself dost cheat.

Love has its flatteries—has its treacheries too,
And we're pursued when fancying we pursue.

DAMET.

Silently swim the ducks upon the lake—
Silently, in the absence of the drake.
He comes, he comes; the welcoming strains begin,
Round him they crowd—and what a joyous din!
Man is the temple's prop, the temple's base,
On which is raised the pile of woman's grace;
Without him, nature is a shatter'd whole,—
A lifeless life—a clod without a soul.

MYRTIL.

From the deep waters Lada[1] has her birth,
And reigns the queen of ocean and of earth;
Charm'd by her influence, even the fishes stray
Wandering enamour'd round her witching way;
Each fed by love, and master'd by desire,—
Even in the wave glows passion's busy fire.

[1] Venus.

How should I struggle 'gainst the flame, when thou
Art the bright Lada that inspires me now!

* * * * * * * * *

DAMET.

The night-bird sings upon the hazel tree,
The wind sweeps by, the leaves dance murmuringly.
She speaks,—the nightingale his strains gives o'er,
The leaves are still, the rude wind speaks no more.

MYRTIL.

Fair is the rose when laughing in its bud,
Fair o'er the plain towers the tall cedar wood:
She comes,—the cedars and the rose are dull,
Even Lebanon bows—though proud and beautiful.

* * * * * * * *

DAMET.

The moon obeys the sun, and every star
Pays homage to the moon; the twilight far
Leads in and out the shifting days:—and so
I dwell with thee, my fair! where'er thou go.

MYRTIL.

On the proud world the sun delighted beams,
Piercing the blue depth of the rolling streams.
So I would bathe me in thy azure eyes,
And drown me in thy heart's deep mysteries.

* * * * * * * *

'Twas thus the shepherds sung. The sky above
Look'd smiling on their strains of eloquent love:
And Amaryllis, from the blooming thorn
Tore a white sprig their temples to adorn:
And from that hour, t' enjoy their simple airs
She often came, and mix'd her flocks with theirs.

BONES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Gos'ciu! co na tych polach widzisz kósci sila.

TRAVELLER! our bones are bleaching on the ground,
And yet unburied. Pity not our doom!
Ours is a grave of glory, shrouded round
In virtue, and the vault of heaven our tomb.

SOLDIER SLAIN.

Za oyczyzne, w oyczyz'nie zabity sie, walam.

I FOUGHT, my land, for thee!—for thee I fell;
On, not beneath the turf I rest my head.
Witness, my country! that I lov'd thee well;
Living, I serv'd thee,—and I guard thee, dead.

THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE LARK.

Iuz' s'piewasz skowroneczku, iuz' tez' i ca orze.

SWEET task! the twilight of the dewy morn
Calls me to plough, and to thy music thee.
Blessings be with us! on thy notes be borne
Success:—I toil, I sow for thee and me.

KRASICKI.

KRASICKI.

IGNATIUS KRASICKI was archbishop of Gniezno. He was born in 1734, and died in 1801. His renown hangs principally on his comic tales and fables. He was the popular poet of his country, beloved for his exemplary virtues and his cultivated understanding. He introduced the new epoch of literature under Stanislaus Poniatowski; he was a favourite of Frederick the Second;—yet he was frequently the advocate of truth and liberty, though the correspondent of monarchs. He translated Lucian from the Latin, and Ossian [1] from the English. His Monachomachia, which he was induced to write on the suggestion of Frederick,—whom many called the Great, but whose littleness was perhaps more remarkable than his greatness,—is a ludicrous exhibition of the absur-

[1] Ossian has also been translated by Tymieniecki.

dities of the monkish system, and excited so much animadversion that he found himself compelled to write a seeming confutation of it, entitled Anti-Monachomachia. He is one of the liveliest of Polish satirists. He wrote a Polish Batrachomyomachia, which he called *Myszeis*, or Battle between the Cats and the Mice; and he has managed to interblend with it many of the fables of old Polish superstition. But his *Woyna Chochimska* (War of Chocim), of which a specimen follows, is one of the most elaborate works of Polish poetry; and though scarcely entitled to the reputation it enjoys at home, it has some interest, from showing how far the epic models of Italy, Portugal, and Spain,—whom Krasicki certainly has sought to imitate,—have been successfully copied by the Polish epic. His works occupy ten volumes. They consist, besides the above, of satires, fables, plays, romances, odes, and epistles. He also translated Plutarch's Lives, Hesiod's ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι, fragments from Lucian, Ariosto, and others. His prose is forcible and flowing.

THE WAR OF CHOCIM.

CANTO I.

Long in the murderous rolls of conquering fame
The Osmanlis,—scourge of God,—in proud success,
Had triumph'd. Devastation, blood and flame
They scatter'd in their fury, merciless.
Unsated even by slaughter, they became
Prouder in power,—encouraged to oppress;
Half the wide world had recognized their sway,
And their stern sceptre bade the rest obey.

Fall'n Greece! on thy majestic ruins, high
The haughty Moslem rears his tyrant throne:
How many desolated nations lie
In dust!—how many suffering kingdoms groan!
Towns, towers in ashes sink; by his stern eye
Dismay'd, their terror trembling millions own,
Shuddering in dread, when, with half-stifled breath,
They see him wave the scimitar of death.

Before him fell the holy city's walls.
Thy daughters, Zion! wept in slavery long;
Whelm'd in the dust thy palaces and halls.
No more Mount Calvary's sacred scenes among
Kneel pious pilgrims;—drear desertion palls
The Saviour's sacred tomb;—an impious throng
Insulting trampled where to fallen man
Salvation's marvellous mystery began.

The valiant Osman then the throne possess'd,—
Osman, whose conquests like the ocean spread;
To daring deeds adventurously he press'd,
And joy'd his sire's ambitious path to tread.
His busy love of conquest found no rest,
But in devoting every Christian head.
Impious! to deem a tyrant's peevish rod
Could raze or blast what has been raised by God.

Such thoughts he cherishes; the powers of Hell
Fan his ambitious flame: before his eyes
They bid fresh wreaths of shadowy laurels dwell—
A filmy web; though victory's heedless cries
Ring in his ears like music, sorrow's swell
Seems joy, while in his soul stern thoughts arise.

'T was thus deluded warrior bands became
A scourge to nations,—to the world a shame.

So from the palace happy quiet flies,—
The seat of peace is in the shelter'd cot;
When cares disturb the mind, sleep shuns the eyes,—
Sleep, not the monarch's, but the peasant's lot:
Though on a couch of down proud Osman lies,
Repose his weary eye-lids visits not.
'T was dawn,—the star of morning palely shed
Her beams, when o'er him slumbers faintly spread.

The great Arch-fiend approach'd him,—he of old
Hurl'd down from highest heaven,—who bids abound
On earth both guilt and guile. A cloth of gold,
From distant India brought, encurtain'd round
The tyrant's bed:—in form of human mould
The dæmon wrapp'd him; and with human sound,
While the false prophet's visible shape he took,
Thus to the deeply-slumbering monarch spoke:

"Nay! on a soft and an effeminate bed,
This is no fitting time, my son! to taste

Oblivious sleep. Aurora blushing red
Heralds the morn; the pale stars sink to rest;
The sun uprises bright:—Awake! and lead
Those conquering bands who wait thy high behest:
Awake! and let thy great example tell,
Sloth cannot in the minds of heroes dwell.

"Awake! let them behold in thee whate'er
Befits a conquering nation's monarch; scorn
Of sloth; delight the steely mail to wear;
A wakeful eye anticipating morn:—
Thine arm'd host waits thee, nought is wanting there
To valour, but a leader; fierce they burn
For the wild joy of battle:—thus of yore
Their sires won fame; and lo! they pant for more!

"By glory led, whose brightly beaming light
Shines all-propitious by the hero's side,
Each step is certain conquest; to the fight
A hero leading heroes: terror's tide
Shall whelm the Christians; and thy power shall blight
Each bud of hope for them; thy falchion dyed

With blood shall on the Faithful joy bestow,—
That sword which flashes death upon the foe."

As when the savage boar outstretch'd in sleep,
In his dark covert hidden, hears the horn
Of the sharp hunter, and from slumbers deep
Awakes in bursting wrath, and rage, and scorn,—
Bristled and panting, see the monster leap
Forth from his den; foaming and fury-torn
He dashes tow'rds the sounds.—So Osman sprung,
While round his dreaming eyes the vision hung.

And fierce and fatal were the threats which call'd
His troops around him then;—the battle cloud
Spread darkly gathering. Armies were enthrall'd;
Viziers and Agas at the mandates loud,
And seldom-check'd Pachas, by fear appall'd,
Brought their attendant hordes, and meekly bow'd;
While scarce one welcoming, one approving glance
Escaped the frowning despot's countenance.

He stood among them like a pyramid
O'er-darkling with its shade the plain around,
And thus unveil'd his daring purpose,—hid
Till then;—while at the valour-stirring sound,

Prostration mute, and eager rapture bid
Meet utterance:—"Thou, the Koran's moat and
mound,
Stretch out thy blade; thy foes shall pass away,
And prostrate earth adore the Prophet's sway.

"Nobly thou hast begun, and so proceed!
Let thy sword herald on the law divine;—
Destroy the impugners of the Prophet's creed,
But on the Faithful let thy favour shine.
Thy glory shall encircle earth;—the meed
Of pious triumphs,—thou shalt raise a shrine
To victory. And as Rome was Victory's queen,
Stamboul shall now become, what Rome has been."

Skinder Pacha was there,—'t was he who won
Cecora's bloody day,—and thus he gave
His monarch humble counsel. "Thy proud throne
Towers above all thrones, and thus thy slave
Presumes t' advise. Since Poland's bravest son
Sleeps mouldering in his melancholy grave,
Be Poland thy first spoil; for Poland lies
Crouch'd at thy feet,—and at thy frown she dies.

"Zolkiewski was their chief: his fame in war
Was mighty:- toils and time had made him gray:
His band look'd proudly on their country's star;
His countless band; and in the glimmering ray
Of faded recollections twinkling far,
Sought hope! Thou gav'st them to us as a prey,—
Thou, Prophet! whom they dared blasphieme. They fell,
As ever falls the insulting Infidel.

"And now dismay has crowded on defeat,
And terror holds them in its heavy chains;
Send forth thy mandate,—and they shall retreat,
O'erpower'd and scatter'd, as across the plains
An atom in a whirlwind. It were meet
To whelm in dust their wasted, weak remains,—
Their wives, their children, slavery's bonds await,—
All yield to fate,—and they must yield to fate.

"They have despised thee in their insolent pride;
They have rebell'd against thy sovereign will;
Laugh'd at thy awful frowns; and turn'd aside
From thy bright smiles; and undespairing still,
Their obstinate zeal supports them. Chiefs divide,
And factions tear them; yet by force or skill

They hang together: and these stubborn foes
The only barrier to thy sway oppose."

Thus the fierce Skinder spoke: their lord's behest
Anxious the whole divan awaited. He
The wild rude anger of his eye suppress'd;
While bursting joy, dim dreams of victory,
And restless passions struggled in his breast.
He bow'd assent; and with proud dignity
Threw round him a dark glance of light afar,
And utter'd, "War, my warriors! nought but war!"

He said that he himself his troops would head,
And lead them on to triumph. At the word
A murmuring concert-tone of gladness spread,
And loud eulogiums on their valiant lord;
For armies when by hero-monarchs led,
Know no defeat. A sultan's self-drawn sword
Flashes with victory. A chieftain brave
Makes all his followers spurn the gaping grave.

Then to the camp vast crowds of warriors throng,
From every quarter summon'd. Shouts of joy
And the gay music of the battle-song
Bid the heart leap, and light the ebon eye.

There young and old, children and sires, among
The gathering band are mix'd tumultuously;
And many an oath is heard, and many a vow
To Alla and the Prophet utter'd now.

And o'er the palace portal high unroll'd
The Prophet's banner, deck'd with pearls and gems,
Floated. It was a sheet of broider'd gold,
Sparkling with jewels fit for diadems,
Which dazzle when their brightness we behold:
And the sublimest of all apophthegms:
"There is no god but God,—and Mahomet
His prophet is," on the bright field was set.

And proudly to the wind its folds it flung,
And million voices blended all around;
The clashing cymbals high aloft were flung,
The *spahi's* shouts, and the strange babel-sound
Of countless voices uttering joy, o'er-rung
All heaven; the war-steeds stamp'd the dusty ground,
Eager for battle. Osman bent his head,
And to the crowds the white-lock'd Mufti said:—

" Ye have been chosen, Faithful! from the crowd
Of nations, sacred duties, mighty deeds
Triumphant to accomplish. Victory loud
Calls to the noble strife where victory leads;
Heaven blesses Ismael's sons; their banner proud,
With glory seated on its shrine proceeds;
The Prophet's standard blinds the Infidel,
And God's bright smiles of light around it dwell.

" Yes, Osman! glorious thy reward shall be!
Bright as the dreams that play around thee now
Shall be the future's dazzling victory;
And high as night's proud stars thy fame shall glow
Over thy ruin'd foes. At thy decree
Cecora's scatter'd fragments swift shall go
Into oblivion. Thou shalt reign alone,
And all the prostrate world thy mandates own."

Then the mysterious Koran-tome he took,
And read its dark and deleterious page;
Mingling new cheats with that all-cheating book,
He pours his blasphemies; then strove to engage,
With a devout but most dissembling look,
Heaven's smiles upon the tyrant,—to assuage

Heaven's frowns; and on the chiefs, and on the crowd,
Saints[1], Mulahs, and Imāms, pour'd blessings loud.

Then to his palace he return'd, and soon
Warriors from every quarter join'd his train;
From whence Euphrates, lighted by the moon,
Bursts through his cliff-bound way; and from the plain
Where rolls the yellow Tigris 'neath the noon,
Rushing in rapid depths towards the main;
And from the jagged and the granite shores,
Where fierce Araxes through the hard rocks roars.

And whence the solemn Nilus rolls his tide,
Enriching at each step Egyptian lands,
To where in seven-mouth'd eloquence of pride
He breaks impatient from his earthly bands
Into the Ocean's bridal bed. The wide
And scorch'd Zahara, and Numidia's sands,
Sent forth their sons, and Ethiopia's eye
Look'd proudly on her troops of ebony.

[1] Santons.

From Yemen came a sturdy shepherd race,
Bronzed in the fierceness of the burning sun;—
The tribes of Fez, who deem it a disgrace
To spare or sympathize where gore-streams run;
From Mecca; from Medina—hallow'd place!
Scene of the Prophet's birth: from Lebanon
And from Mount Carmel's sides;—impatient all,
Panting for fame, and reckless though they fall.

But who can count them,—who,—when all array'd
They pass'd before the sultan's raptured eye?
He saw his million vassals who display'd
Their gorgeous pomp; and hope's light ecstasy,
Sceptres and crowns and mighty kingdoms laid
At his proud feet by victory. To the sky
Tower'd his ambitious thoughts; his frowns he hurl'd,
And pour'd his threats of insult o'er the world.

Note.—Of this translation I owe a great portion to my friend Lach Szyrma. In the earlier stanzas I have only introduced a few changes. For the latter part I alone am accountable.

WĘGIERSKI.

WE,GIERSKI.

THOMAS CAJETAN WE,GIERSKI, a licentious and satirical poet, died in early life the victim of passion and disease—the Polish Piron. He was born in 1755. He died at Marseilles in 1787. Even when a boy his sarcastic spirit made him many enemies; and they swarmed about him as he grew older, and compelled him to fly from his country. He was chamberlain to Stanislaus Augustus. His father was the starost of Korytnik.

MY WIFE.

A DREAM.

STRANGELY 'wilder'd I must seem,
I was married—in a dream,—
O the ecstasy of bliss!
Brother! what a joy it is!

Think about it, and confess
'T is a storm of happiness,—
And the memory is to me
Sunbeans;—But fifteen was she.
Cheeks, of roses red and white;
Mouth, like Davia's; eyes of light,
Fiery, round, of raven hue,
Swimming, but coquettish too:
Ivory teeth; lips fresh as dew;
Bosom beauteous, hand of down,
Fairy foot. She stood alone
In her graces,—she was mine,
And I drank her charms divine.

* * * * * * * *

But in early years our schemes
Are but showy shadowy dreams;
For a season they deceive,
Then our souls in darkness leave.
Oft the bowl the water bears,
Yet 'tis useless soon with years;
First it cracks, and then it leaks,
And at last—at last it breaks.

All things with beginning tend
To their melancholy end:—
So her beauty fled.

* * * * * * * *

Then did anger, care and malice,
Mingle up their bitter chalice.
Riches like a whirlwind flew,
Honours, gifts, and glories too;
And my lovely wife, so mild,
Fortune's frail and flatter'd child,
Spent our wealth, as if the day
Ne'er would dim or pass away:
And—O monstrous thought!—the fair—
Scratch'd my eyes, and tore my hair.
Nought but misery was our guest,
So I sought the parish priest.

"Father! grant me a divorce—
Nay! you'll grant it me of course:
Reasons many can be given,—
Reasons both of earth and heaven."

"I know all you wish to say:
Have you wherewithal to pay?

Money is a thing of course,—
Money may obtain divorce."

"Reverend father! hear me:—Please ye,
'T is not an affair so easy."
"Silence, child! where money 's needed
Eloquence is superseded."

Then I talk'd of morals; but
The good father's ears were shut.
With a fierce and frowning look
Off he drove me,—
And I woke.

Note.—The more licentious parts of this poem I have omitted.

WHAT WE LIKE.

Co kto lubi.

Let the toper his empty glasses fill,
And the gambler throw his dice with skill;
Let the huntsman gallop his steed at will,
And the warrior other warriors kill;

Let the courtier buz in the palace gate,
The usurer eat the youth's estate;
The lawyer pillage, and prose and prate,
And rob even beggars, with look sedate;
The monk may leave his sandals where
They tell strange tales,—I nothing care,
If of this world's follies I get my share:
Let each just do as he likes—that 's fair.

The end of life is happiness.—Pursue
That end life's transitory journey through,
Nor fear, on earth, while happiness pursuing
That thou art storing up for heaven thy ruin.
But if thou fear the future, O beware
At every step, and tread with cautious care;
For in this world,—to sin, and sin unheeded,
A very decent character is needed:
So get a character, and then just do
Whate'er you please,—the world will smile on you.

Helter-skelter a dandy scuds over the streets,
With his hot foaming steeds, helter-skelter;
The dread and annoyance of all that he meets,
Who fly at his coming for shelter.

His horses he flogs, and cries "Out of the way!"
As they tear up the pebbles and stones, sir;
And he thinks it a great condescension to say—
"Be off! or I break all your bones, sir."
I saw him once knock a poor mendicant down,
And laugh as the luckless one stumbled;
And I said, "Ere he reaches the verge of the town,
That cold-hearted pride will be humbled!
Sure a tyrant like this, one so reckless and base,
Should be curb'd to be cautious or quiet."
But still he dash'd on in his life-scorning race,
Till he rattled towards *Nowy Swiat*[1]:
When he struck on a stone at a corner,—and smack
Went the axle, and down came the hero:
He was thrown like a stone from a sling, on his back,
And his pride sunk at once below zero.
I've seen him on crutches, and hope he has found
This secret—I need not reveal it,—
'Tis easy indeed to occasion a wound,
But not very easy to heal it.

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[1] Nowy Swiat, *The New World*,—a fashionable part of Warsaw.—The play on the words is obvious.

NIEMCEWICZ.

NIEMCEWICZ.

JULIAN URSIN NIEMCEWICZ is one of the most voluminous of Polish authors. Successful as a poet, as an historian, as a tragedian, and as a translator, his reputation as a patriot is equal to his literary fame. He was among the many exiles from Poland during the period of her disastrous fortunes, and sought refuge in North America, where he became the friend of Washington, whose life he afterwards published. On his return he was appointed Secretary to the Senate. His works are very voluminous. Among them are several volumes of odes, fables, heroic elegies (*Dumy*), and dramatic works. He has also published The History of Sigismund the Third (*Dzieie panowania Zygmunta III.*), and a Collection of Memorials of the Ancient Poles (*Zbiór pamie,tników historycznych o dawney Polszcze*).

Niemcewicz has made many excellent translations

from the English. Among them are Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, several of Wordsworth's Poems, Pope's Rape of the Lock, and his Ode on St. Cecilja's Day. I will quote the sixth strophe of the latter, as a specimen at the same time of close translation and of the Polish language.

Lecz zbyt wczes'nie ma‚z' oczy obraca, otwiera,
Ona znow pada, znowu umiera, umiera.
Jak teraz wzruszysz piekła zbyt nielitos'ciwe?
Byłoż' to zbrodnia„ z'es' miał serce nazbyt tkliwe?
To ws'ro'd pustyn' skał wisza‚cych
Ke‚dy smutny Hebrus płynie,
Ke‚dy głos słychac' iedynie
Nocnych ptako'w s'mierc' wro'z'a‚cych;
Samotny, z daleka
Od ludzi ucieka,
Je‚czy, narzeka,
Wzywa swoiey ulubioney
Na zawsze, zawsze straconey!
Zno'w duchem Furyo'w wzruszony,
Drz'a‚cy, strapiony
Włosy mu wstaia„
Oczy pałaia„;

Patrż: iak w s'ro'd go'r okrytych s'niegiem,
Jak szalony wys'ciga wiatry lotnym biegiem!
Słuchay: iuż' krzyk Bachantek powietrze rozdziera,
Ah! patrz: umiera!
Lecz nawet Eurydyce, gdy usta omdlały,
Eurydyce powtarzuł ie,zyk iuż' zdre,twiały,
Eurydyce lis'ciow drz'enie
Eurydyce wod mruczenie,
Eurydyce roznoszą, i go'ry i skały.

His Historical Songs are exceedingly popular.

DUMA.

GLINSKI[1].

W okropnych cieniach pieczarów podziemnych.

In a dark dreary dungeon, where the beam,
The gladdening beam of sun-light never shone;
Where from the dismal roof, its little stream
Of twilight pour'd a pendant lamp;—alone

[1] Glinski was a Polish chief who flourished at the beginning of the 16th century. The events referred to in this Elegy took place in 1515.

And conscience-tortured—sat, to misery bound,
Glinski—in victory and in crime renown'd.

His forehead years and grief had furrow'd o'er,
His gray hair hung disorder'd on his brow;
His bloody sockets saw the light no more;
Plough'd were his wasted cheeks with scars and woe.
He sat, and lean'd upon his hand:—his groans
Were echoed by the dungeon's gloomy stones.

With him his only child, his daughter fair,
A very gem of virtue, grace, and youth;
She left the smiling world and the free air,
Her miserable father's woes to soothe;
Pleased in that fearful solitude to stay,
While life's young bloom fled silently away.

"Father! I pray thee by these tender tears,"
So spake the maid,—"be comforted, and chase
Despair; though chains hang heavy on thy years,
Yet hope deserts not e'en this desert place;—
Time yet may smile upon thee; thou may'st rest
Thy gray old age upon thy country's breast."

"My country!—breathe not that dread name to me,
For crimes rush down upon my tortured thought,
And waken'd conscience gnaws the memory,
And gentle sleep these eyes will visit not.
Did I not head her foes!—And can the name
Of 'traitor' but be link'd to death and shame?

"All that can raise a man above mankind,—
All that is good and great in war or peace,—
Power — riches — beauty — courage — strength of mind,—
Yes! Nature gave me these, and more than these:
I wanted nought but laurels—which I found,
And glory's trophies wreathed my temples round.

"The locust-swarming hosts of Tartars broke
Upon Lithuania and Volhinia's land,—
Plundering, destroying: their terrific yoke
Spared neither sex nor age; the fiery brand
Of desolation swept the country o'er,—
Children and mothers drown'd in fathers' gore.

"I sought the invaders' ravage to withstand.
Proud of their strength, in wide-spread camps they lay;

But they were scatter'd by my victor-hand:
The misty eve look'd on the battle fray,
While corpses on the Nieman's waters rode,
And Infidel blood the thirsty fields o'erflow'd.

"When Alexander on his dying bed
Lay—mourn'd by all his children-subjects—came
The news that the defeated Tartars fled;
Upon his clouded brow joy's holy flame
Kindled sweet peace. 'Now let me, let me die,
For I bequeath to Poland victory!'

"My deeds, my monarch's praises warm'd my breast,
And love of daring violence grew. The fame
Of Zabrzezynki oft disturb'd my rest.
I—a most foul and midnight murderer—came
And butcher'd all in sleep. My Poles rebell'd:—
I join'd with Poland's foes, by rage impell'd.

"Flagitious sin, and memory's fiercest smart;
The eagle blended with the hurrying steed[1]

[1] The arms of Poland are a *white eagle*.—Those of Lithuania are a *horse galloping*, with a rider holding a sword ready to strike. The latter is called *Pogon*, from *pursuing*. *Gonic* means, to *pursue*.

From cruelty and crime won not my heart,
Nor sheath'd the sword that did the cruel deed.
The foemen Russ I bent to my control,
And fought 'gainst Poles,—e'en I—e'en I—a Pole!

"I look'd upon the battle field; I saw
Many a well-known corpse among the dead.
Then did fierce agony my bosom gnaw,
Then burning tears of conscious guilt were shed:
And I implored forgiveness—from my king,—
Forgiveness for a vile and outcast thing.

"I told my penitent tale. My foes had wrought
Upon the Czar, and roused him to distrust.
He met indignantly my honest thought,
Dash'd my awakening virtue to the dust;
Bid them tear out my eyes, and bind me here
In galling fetters to this dungeon drear.

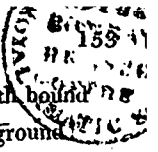
"Ten years have pass'd; and yet I live. The sun
And the gay stars shine on, but not for me:
Darkness and torments with my being run;
My strength decays; my blood flows freezingly

Through my chill'd veins; and death—not gentle death—
Lays its rude hand upon my weakening breath.

"Yet a few days—this corpse, my grief's remains,
Will ask a handful of unfriendly earth:
Leave then, my child! these foul and foreign plains,
Blest who can claim the country of his birth:
The Poles forgive,—and thou shalt be forgiven;
My child, be blest, and I, be left to heaven!

"Yes! thou shalt see thy country, and its smile
Shall chase the memory of these gloomy days;
Thy father's princely hall shall greet thee; while
Thy thought o'er long-departed glory strays:
Thy friends, thy countrymen, shall welcome thee,
Give thee their love,—but pour their curse on me.

"Yet e'en my death may hallow'd thoughts inspire;
From this scathed trunk may wisdom's blossoms grow:
My history shall check revengeful ire,—
None other Pole shall join his country's foe.



Why should a traitor live?—when he hath bound
His veil'd and sorrowing country to the ground?

Thus spake the miserable man. A groan,
A dark and hollow groan the dungeon fill'd;
On her pale breast his snow-white head was thrown,
Death's shade o'ershadow'd it,—and all was still'd.
So died the mighty Glinski;—better lot
Might have been his;—but he deserved it not.

This *Duma* is one of the most popular in Poland. It is also the subject of one of the best of the Polish tragedies by Wenzyk.

DUMA.

POTOCKI.

Słuchaycie rycerze młodzi.

Come listen, youthful warriors, now,
While my sad tale of grief is told;
And let it kindle glory's glow,
While it records the deeds of old.

For I will sing the glorious wreath,
Which erst the patriot hero wore,
Who nobly died a hero's death,
While crown'd with laurel'd victory o'er.

Chmielnicki's fierce and savage band
Had ravaged our Padolia's vales,
The cries of mothers fill'd the land,
Wide-echoed round from hills and dales.
Our ploughmen from their fields are torn,
Our maidens shameless slavery prove;
Our shepherds are to exile borne,—
Not to be exiled from their love.

Potocki—old and hoary stood,
Proud in felicity and fame,
When the loud shrieks,—the cry of blood,—
Like soul-disturbing tempests came:
He sigh'd;—a stream of tears roll'd down
His venerable cheeks, while thought
Rush'd on the brighter moments gone:
But age had come, and left him—nought.

The will, but not the power, was there.
Down dropp'd the faulchion from his grasp:—

But see his hero-son appear—
Spring on his steed—the war-brand clasp.
Why should he waste in ease and sloth
The brightness of his morning star,
When virtue and when valour both
Had charm'd his ear with tales of war?

"My son!"—his eyes with tears were fill'd,—
"Thy country groans;—Go, warrior, be
Thy bosom now thy country's shield,—
Be worthy of thy sires and me!
Go! for thy country live;—be blest
With triumph, glorious and renown'd!
So calmly shall I sink to rest,
When I have seen thee victory-crown'd."

A fond farewell sent forth his son,
When he had bound him to his breast;
He put the heavy armour on,
The while a golden helmet prest
The raven ringlets of his hair:
Yet ere he sought his warriors, he
Saw amidst many a maiden fair,
His maiden at a balcony.

She was a maid of beauty rare,
The loveliest maid Padolia knew;
Fair as the morning-rose is fair,
When blushing and when bathed in dew.
And she was true to love and fame,
And young,—and pledged her hand and heart
To him whose valiant sword should claim
In battle fray the bravest part.

Then drew the ardent hero nigh,
And lowly bent on reverent knee:—
"O thou, my heart's felicity!
All, all life's sweets I owe to thee.
Now bless me in the field of death,
And smile upon me, struggling there;
My heart's best blood,—my latest breath,—
I'll pour for fame and thee, my fair!"

His heart was full,—he spoke no more.
Her eyes were wet,—the maid unbound
The snow-white scarf her bosom wore,
And girt the hero's shoulder round.
"Go, rescue what is lost!—my vow
By this pure pledge shall fail thee never;

Be crown'd with bright affection now,
Be crown'd with bliss, with fame, for ever!"

Meanwhile the piercing clarions sound;
The dust-clouds o'er the plains arise;
And troops of warriors gather round,
While helms and armour dim the eyes.
The courts, the gates, the lofty walls,
A thousand anxious gazers show;
The slow-descending drawbridge falls,
While to the gory fight they go.

'T was evening:—through a gloomy night
Towards the *Yellow Lake* they sped;—
The morning came, but not in light,—
'T was wrapp'd in clouds opaque and red.
The mighty army of Bogdan
Spread countless o'er the extended land;
The brave Potocki led the van,
To smite the innumerable band.

Then dreadful havoc's reign was spread,
The murd'rous fires of death were there;
Swords cleft the helm and helmed head,
And hissing arrows fill'd the air.

The dauntless chieftain fought,—he press'd
The foremost on the foe,—when deep
A deadly arrow pierced his breast;
He fell,—fell lock'd in endless sleep.

Yet victory crown'd our arms. 'T was vain;—
It was no triumph;—He away,
Courage and joy were turn'd to pain.
They throng'd around him in dismay:
They bathed his wounds; they wash'd the gore
With tears,—while round the corpse they stand.
Then on their shields that corpse they bore,
Their hope—and of their father-land.

And on a green and woody glade
'Neath a proud tomb his dust they set;
Then hung his armour and his blade,
And that white scarf,—with blood 't was wet.
And there through many a day forlorn,
His joy-abandon'd maiden went;
And from the evening to the morn
She pour'd—she wept—love's sad lament.

Sleep, noble hero! sweetly sleep
Within this dark and sacred wood;
The silent moon her watch shall keep
Upon thy grave-stone's solitude.
And should some future warrior come,
And the decaying trophies see;
His eye may linger on thy tomb,
And learn to fight and die from thee.

GUZDRALSKA.

A HUMOROUS TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

In an old tatter'd chronicle, whose pages
Had been defaced and stain'd by ruthless time,—
A dusty fragment of departed ages,
When Casimir the monk o'er Poland's clime
As sovereign ruled,—but older far than he,—
I found this strange recorded history.

Near Lenczyca, upon a flowery mound,
A proud and noble mansion look'd around,—

Its name I have forgotten; and 't were vain
To rack my broken memory again.
But an old manuscript that long was hid,
Moth-eaten, 'neath a crumbling coffer-lid;
It tired my weary eyes,—though I possess'd
A microscopic glass,—the brightest, best,
Which magnified a hundredfold, at last
Gave me some light,—and my reward was vast.

There lived a noble, whose proud wish aspired
To honour,—and he found what he desired.
A *Truchses*[1] now,—and next a *Stolnik*[2]. His
Were piles of wealth,—and towns and palaces.
That matters not: his pride, his boastings were
Of his fair daughter. She was passing fair;
And bounteous Nature o'er that maiden threw
All charms man loves, and all he honours too.
She was a very queen of grace, whose skill
Play'd with the heart and wielded it at will.
The story of her beauty, like a breeze
That bears perfume, spread through the provinces,—

[1] Wine-bearer: [2] Plate-bearer:—titles at court.

Spread o'er the land; and many a raptured youth
Laid at her feet the vows of love and truth.

They saw her, and were lost: a single glance
Of that bright, lovely, laughing countenance,
Won all the soul. No wonder;—the control
Of wit and beauty ever wins the soul.
And was she faultless? No! one little sin—
For she was human—one alone crept in;
One little fault or error, which—Heaven knows—
Was a dust-atom on a scarlet rose.
What could this little dangerous error be?—
Time and the *maiden* never could agree.
She knew not wherefore years should be divided
In days and nights and hours,—and years derided:
She thought that time, to please a maiden's whim,
Might tarry:—little knew the maid of him.
She deem'd her smile should stop the hurrying day,
When in delights and feasts it sped away;
And the wing'd hours in their swift flight restrain,
And to a rock time's slippery spirit chain.
E'en thus she lived, and dreams like these employ'd
The shifting moments which those dreams enjoy'd.

Her dawn was noon,—time's dawn her middle night,—
Always too late; her place, though noblest, might
Remain unfill'd. At table she first came
When all was over: and 't was just the same
E'en when a new piece charm'd the theatre;
At the last act's last scene she would appear:
Nor at the church, O mortal sin! before
The careful beadle closed the sacred door.
She was her parents' hope, her parents' bliss,
So no reproaches smote the maid for this.

Yet there is pleasure,—so the record says,—
Sweet pleasure, in these lingerings, these delays:
And none of her admirers loved her less,—
Many and noble,—for her tardiness.
But one was privileged o'er the rest,—and he
Was the young Wojewode of Kajavy;
He bore Guzdawa's arms. (And those who bear
These old insignia, Paprocki [1] supposes
Were long distinguish'd for their length of noses,
Their large bright eyes, their crisp and curly hair.
Unwearied in all enterprize, in war
Supremely valiant,—rather superstitious,—

[1] A famous heraldist of old time.

Amorous as born beneath love's famous star.)
Indeed our Wojewodzic [1] was ambitious
To be a true Guzdawa ;—and the youth,
In size, form, virtues, was their heir, in truth.
His life was stainless, and 't was decorated
With all the gems of talent. Happy-fated,
He won the lady's promise to be his,
And parents' blessings crown'd the promised bliss.
Then his brains swam in joy, and rapture threw
Her sunshine on the moments as they flew.
Four weeks before the paschal feast began
The nuptial preparations. Mad desire
Made days and hours and moments as they ran,
Linger like years, whose lingering footsteps tire :
But hopes, and meditations, and soft sighs
Relieved their tardy passage, as he brought
Her paramount wit, her gentle voice, to thought ;
The million graces playing round her eyes,
And her white hands, 'bove all, so purely fair,
No ivory with their brightness could compare.

[1] *Wojewodzic*, son of the *Wojewod ;* and so *Sydric*, son of the judge ; *Choronzyc*, son of the ensign ;—*ic* is here synonymous with the Russian *wicz*, or *vich*, or *vitch*.

A thousand and a thousand times he said,
" She is indeed the sweetest, loveliest maid!"
And then a thought,—sad thought,—would oft intrude:
" She's so forgetful, though so fair and good!
'Tis surely not her fault, but time's; who may,
And no doubt does, mistake the time of day.
But let us wed,—this weakness shall be check'd;
'Tis a slight fault, and easy to correct.
Watches and clocks shall hang on every wall,
And silver hammers all the hours recall;
Hours, minutes, seconds,—monitors like these
Will chase the maid's obliviousness with ease."
So was he satisfied,—and his doubts were gone.
The marriage-contract sign'd, and all was done;
And the church-doors were open'd for the pair;
Gorgeous and great was the assemblage there.
The bridegroom sallied forth from his abode,
And no unhappy omen stopp'd his road;
He came with friends and relatives who wore
Their sable furs—adorn'd, as well became
Men who did honour to so proud a name,
With dazzling gold and sunny scarlet o'er.

The Chronicle describes the gay parade,
And well-plann'd order of the cavalcade.
Twelve trumpeters in Flemish garments clad,
Which many a splendid decoration had.
And, as the Wojewodzic long had headed
His father's hussar-troops, a numerous band
Of spearmen the procession next preceded;
Upon their shoulders wings of eagles flapp'd,
And quivers full of silver arrows rattled
Behind them as they forward moved embattled;
Round each a leopard skin was loosely wrapp'd,
Its claws and tusks were fasten'd on the breast;
The standards revel'd with the winds, and prancing
Their richly-saddled steeds appear'd advancing,
Their riders all in martial sternness drest[1].
Then came a troop of Tartars,—such as sate
With the lord's household, or watch'd round his gate;
And each his bows and arrows bore,
And a wide flowing mantle wore,

[1] This description, though rather grotesque, is a correct delineation of the costume of the old Polish hussars. See Letters on Poland, p. 295.

Bending his proud and sprightly Bachmat[1] o'er.
Next thirty youthful squires led thirty steeds
To decorate the scene;—their race proceeds
From most renown'd Arabia, and the shore
Of the Euphrates,—whence to Poland's plains
Transferr'd, their fame, their ancient fame, remains;
So proud, so ardent, that the wearied hand
Of their tired rider could restrain no more
Their noble spirits to his mute command.
They toss'd their hoofs in air;—the golden bit
Was cover'd o'er with foam;—their nostrils broad
As if with glowing sparks of fire were lit:
Proud were their trappings, as the knights who rode;
The saddles were all set in turquoises,
And the rich housings swept the very ground:
Pearls were profusely scatter'd o'er the dress;
A target at the saddle hung; and near
A truncheon and a crooked scimitar;
Rubies and sapphires sparkled all around,
With smaragds, topazes, whose light and dyes
Blinded the eyes.

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[1] Bachmat:—a Tartar horse.

Next came a troop of friends, sedate but gay;
Their silk and velvet garments fill'd the way,
Bound with resplendent girdles; and they held
Their battle-axes,—for their rank was high;
Then six proud dappled steeds the car impell'd,
Where sat the bridegroom in his ecstasy,
Eight golden columns bore a canopy
Of richest velvet, and the youth was clad
In most superb brocade; his under vest
Of crimson, which a row of buttons had
Of sapphires and of rubies of the East.
There was a clasp, whose glorious brightness never
Could be described—so I shall not endeavour:
It was a carbuncle so large that kings
Might envy,—brighter than the sun which flings
His glories o'er the noon. Upon his head
High plumes above a splendid bonnet spread.
Two noble youths sate by him: one the son
Of the Wyszogrod pennon-bearer; one
Grod's wealthy heir; but both of brilliant eyes,
And gay in humour; and their heads were bare [1].

[1] It was an old custom with the Poles to shave their heads.

Next a long train of squires and knights appear,
With their attendants in rich liveries;
Each wore a splendid scarf with garments meet.
The cavalcade was closed by a long suite
Of six-horsed heavy-laden coaches, which
Bore presents for the bride, superb and rich.
Beautiful pearls from Uria, ear-rings, gems,
Bracelets, and jewels fit for diadems,
And fit a lady's eyes to please: nor were
The richest clocks and watches absent there.—
While thus the son towards the church was bent,
His busied father stay'd at home, intent
On the approaching festival. He stored
With giant goblets the capacious board,
With plates of silver and with cups of gold;
Emboss'd tureens, and rich-carved bowls, to hold
Medals of ancient days,—the cups and vases,
Gilded and rich, had their appointed places.

From distant forests, waggons brought vast stores
Of their wild tenants, deer and fawns and boars,—
Game without number,—which six master-cooks,
Who wore their German caps, prepared with all

The due formalities of cookery books.
Mincemeats and spices;—but I'll not recall
These long details. The noblest thing they did,
Was to erect a mighty pyramid
Of almonds crusted o'er with sugar. Can
Aught in the art exceed a *Marcipan*[1]?
A curiously-constructed lynx pourtray'd
The escutcheons of the bridegroom and the maid,
Gordowa's and Rogala's: and a brand
Of Cupid's fire they held in either hand.
The table was weigh'd down by luxuries rare,
And all the neighbouring men of rank were there;
Prelates and senators; our *Truchses* vow'd
To give the act its due solemnity,
And went to Skirniẽwic with a crowd
Of friends and of dependants, but to see
The venerable primate, and entreat
That he would honour his poor house, and be
The officiating minister, as meet.

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[1] *Marcipan.* A large round cake adorned with various emblematical figures. It is still used by the peasantry at wedding festivals.

So the guests came at last. You wish to know
How they were housed;—I cannot tell you how.
The dwelling had four rooms and one saloon;
(A splendid mansion, then!) the guests were driven
To rather closish quarters; but 'twas soon
Arranged. One chamber to the primate given;
The others where they could reposed their head:
And all slept soundly, though they had no bed.
Then dawn'd the happy moment. At eleven
'T was fix'd the nuptial pledges should be given
Before the sacred altar. Parents, friends,
Were seated in the church; the clergy led
The primate, with his mitre on his head,
His pastoral staff in hand,—who now ascends
His throne. The tapers are enkindled. Where,
Where is the bride?—They wait an hour,—they sent
To ask what cause, what luckless accident
Delay'd her. Lo! he comes!—the messenger
Begs for a short delay.—One stocking she,
The lady, had got on, and speedily,
Would finish with the other. Well! they wait;—
Time lingers, lingers still. The clock strikes *Three*!
They send again. 'T was strange she should forget

The hour, she said;—but she would braid her hair,
And in a very twinkling would be there.
One hour,—and yet another,—five o'clock,
When other heralds at her chamber knock;
She just was fixing on her robes a wreath,
And would come instantly. The well-bred sun
Linger'd; but as his patience soon was done,
He sank the occidental hills beneath.

But love had made the bridegroom angry, while
Hunger attack'd the guests; their empty skins
Began to be rebellious; 't is a vile
Peace-breaker, that said hunger;—they had thought
Of the rich feast; some little, and some nought
Had taken; so they suffer'd for their sins.
O had they but some bread and sausage brought!
At last the ladies yawn'd; a senator
Open'd his gasping mouth from ear to ear;
The primate was observed to whiten,—then
The bridegroom rose, and to the castle fled,
Entreating on his knees the lingering maid
To hasten, though undress'd: "Just tarry; when
I've tied this bow," the lady said, "I'll come,—
I'll come indeed."

He hasten'd back,—he heard
A blending of strange sounds which struck him dumb,—
He enter'd;—first the primate's form appear'd
Sunk in the canon's arms;—he look'd around;
Knights, senators, were stretch'd upon the ground,
Two palatines, three barons,—vanquish'd all
By heat and hunger; tears of anguish fall
Down the parental cheeks;—his love turn'd cold.
"Ere thou art dress'd," he said, "I shall grow old;
And if to-day thou trifle thus, to-morrow"—
He said no more; but sprung with silent sorrow
Into his car, and fled. Such haste was wrong;
But young men's passions are perverse and strong.
His hurry did no good;—and those who marry
Should ne'er fall out with things that make them tarry.
Yet a few hours,—even though impatient,—he
Had been rewarded.—'T was exactly three,
Three in the morning, when the lovely lady
Dress'd for the altar—all adorn'd and ready.

BRODZINSKI.

BRODZINSKI.

CASSIMIR BRODZINSKI, who is now living, and who has translated the Lay of the Last Minstrel, is a poet of most decided genius, who has given an intense character of nationality to all his productions. If any man can be considered the representative of Polish feelings, and as having transfused them into his productions, Brodzinski is certainly that man.

For the right understanding of the following poem, it is necessary to premise, that, after the partition of Poland, a number of Poles determined at every risk to force their way to the South of Europe, in order to join the armies of Napoleon, to whom they looked as the destined deliverer of their country. Many of them reached the army of Italy, and were known under the title of the Polish Legionists. They fought

in the German wars, and distinguished themselves in Egypt and Spain. Dombroski was their leader and afterwards their historian, whose Memoirs he bequeathed to the Literary Society of Warsaw.—One of these young and ardent adventurers is the subject of these verses. Glorious indeed had it been for Napoleon, happy for Poland, happy for the world, if these brave and generous enthusiasts, instead of being used as the tools of a worthless and devastating ambition, had been employed solely for the enfranchisement of their country, and for the liberties of the world. At one period there were no less than 80,000 Poles in the service of Buonaparte, all looking to him with the most ardent affection and devoted zeal.

THE LEGIONIST.

O'ER the fair fields of Italy a steed
And a young melancholy rider speed:—
A family-group observe the wanderer. He
Must be a stranger;—Hospitality
With her kind voice, her smiling welcoming cheek,
Thus bids the father of the household speak.

THE ITALIAN.

Youth of the rosy lip and golden tress!
O whither art thou driven by restlessness?
Why wandering from thy native North afar?
Say, what thy hopes, thy wants, thy passions are!

THE POLE.

Sarmatia is my country; and that word
Tells thee enough of misery. A fierce horde
Have been my country's spoilers. I have sought
The stranger,—and my blood,—my being brought;
One drop, my Polan! I would keep for thee
To love, to rescue;—all besides to me
Is blank indifference. My sole heritage
Are these good weapons. In his feeble age
I left my father;—and he sent me forth
To join my faulchion'd brethren of the North.
Where are they? Speak!

THE ITALIAN.

Fond youth! thy hopes bewray:
Nations, like men, but flourish and decay.

Rome too was mighty, and she held in chains
The subjugated world. What now remains?
She sank in ruins; time disperses all.
So the fruits bloom,—they ripen, and they fall.

THE POLE.

Rome stood erect in fierce and iron strength;
But the sword broke,—the chains wore out at length,
Our iron was the ploughshare,—and our gold
The ripe ears waving in the winds. Of old
Our steeds to labour and to war were train'd;
Our sickles mow'd the fields, or victories gain'd.
We stood where our heroic fathers stood,
And plough'd the land they water'd with their blood;
We stuck our swords and spears our boundaries round;
And peace the brow of liberty had crown'd:
Then came our tyrant-foes; our lands laid waste.
And is the life-tide of my country past?
And is her death-knell sounded? No! No! No!
The fires of freedom in our bosoms glow;
We watch the hour;—we sleep not.—Rome's proud heirs
Fell; but they fell not while one spark was theirs

Of freedom. But we are not fallen;—We
Scour the wide earth, invoking Liberty.

THE ITALIAN.

One sun illumines all the globe. Where'er
We love and are beloved, our country 's *there*.
Come, exile! fix thee here. The orange-tree,
The olive and the vine, shall bloom for thee;
Lay down thy wearying arms. Near ruin'd Rome
Sure 't is unmeet to mourn thy land,—thy home.

THE POLE.

For us the sun is clouded;—no perfume
Of the sweet orange fills our plains; no bloom
Of vines is in our valleys. Yet the breeze
On Carpath's sides is sweeter far than these,
The corn-fields waving like a wind-rock'd sea
'Neath heaven's blue temple, bending gracefully.
Our mountains bear within their granite breast
The war-repelling iron. O how blest
In their green dells to dwell!—compared to this,
All other bliss were but a worthless bliss.

THE ITALIAN.

Yet still the spirit's higher, holier part
Seeks more refined enjoyments—music's art,—
That brings enchantment from the realms of song:
The wizard spirit bears the soul along
To the bright age of gods and fable. Time
Spares in his flight the great and the sublime.

THE POLE.

We own,—we feel sweet art's bewitching spells;
Without it, life in narrower limits dwells.
Yet to my heart the voice of song is dumb;
That heart lies buried in my *mother's tomb*[1],
Beneath her heavy grave-stone. Nought to me
But the harsh clarion's clang is harmony;
That only can awake my mother's sleep:
That let me hear when sinking in the deep

[1] By *Mother* is meant here the native land. The superior attachment of the Poles to their country made these terms synonymous.

Dull cave of long forgetfulness. If e'er
Age should call back the blighted wanderer
To his own home; how sweet beneath the shade
Of the pale lime-tree—on the green turf laid—
To mingle with my country's sorrow, thought
Of triumphs by her exiled children bought.
Our cities are in ashes;—from the block
Our youths ne'er chisel'd gods; yet on the rock
By the way-side our heroes' tombs we see,
Uttering their deeds to time and history.

THE ITALIAN.

Thou fair-hair'd youth! these tones, so sad and stern,
Become not life's gay spring. Let old men mourn,
But thou, be joyful. Let thy country be
In God's high hand—the King of kings is he;
But thou, the black-eyed, sweet-voiced maiden take,
Forget thy griefs, thy gloomy thoughts forsake:
Round her thy children and thy home shall bloom,
For all the world is love and virtue's *home*.

THE POLE.

Nay! I have shed hot tears for her I love;
Nought but my country could our hearts remove.

Whene'er I close my pilgrimage, I'll bear
To my old sire my sword—my heart to her.
One common land has bound us;—this our vow,—
" Freedom and unchanged faith,"—I swear it now.

He spoke,—the Ukrainian *Dumas* [1] met his ear;
On the dark hills the Polish ranks appear;
And like an arrow with his steed he sped,
While Rome's old burgher wondering bent his head.

THE BATTLE FIELD OF RASZYN.

A BALMY air is up, the night is still,
The tired steeds graze upon the watery meads [2];
The willows bend their branches o'er the rill
That angrily breaks through the impeding weeds.

The field is silent,—but that echoes lone,
Roused by the swain from the dark cells awake;

[1] Ballads.

[2] *Popctam*:—when the horses have their feet tied with ropes to prevent their wandering.

The shifting clouds sweep o'er the stedfast moon,
Who shoots her silver arrows o'er the lake.

Sweet moon! now watching yon fair concave o'er,
Not brightly thus thy pure and pale lamp shone,
When war's black smoke had veil'd thee; and its roar
Roll'd through the neighbouring woods the deathful groan.

Then fled the villager his burning shed;
The shrieking babes clung to their mothers' breast,
Drums, clarions, cannon's thundering; and the dead
And tortured dying. Now 't is all at rest.

Where the blood flow'd, now gleams the falling dew;
The green grass grows, the grateful balmy hay
Is gather'd in;—the labouring ox anew
Ploughs for fresh harvests on his wonted way.

But all these mounds are tombs! the wild winds pass
Mournfully, murmuring sorrow as they go;
The Cicades have left the close-mown grass,
To sing their songs of exile and of woe.

Sad memory! the spirits of the dead
Flit by me; shade is hurried after shade.
Here mangled corses lift their ghastly head,
There shadowy arms wave high the gleaming blade.

But what dim shade is that, where sits the bird
Of evening on the pensive alder-tree!
O'er rustling piles of armour sure I heard
Him stalk[1];—the wind wakes his harp's harmony.

Shades of the friends I loved! how long, how long
Will ye in bloody garments haunt this spot;
Around the tombs where sleep our fathers throng
Clamouring for vengeance? Ah! we hear ye not.

Choc'by orzeł byc przestał pierwszy w ptaków rzędzie.

All could not reign, were eagles kings no longer;
Where some are weaker, some must needs be stronger.

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[1] The poet Godebski was killed at the battle of Raszyn. There 8,000 Poles are said to have subdued 40,000 Austrians. Brodzinski was also present.

Biada! gdy na wielkiego potwarz sie, zjednoczy.

Unlucky he! who stands in slander's power,
Though great,—for worms a lion may devour.

Iako cien słoneczny zrana.

Like the morning sunbeam's shade,
Friendship with the evil made,
Lessens every hour with time;
As the shade of evening lengthens,
Friendship with the virtuous strengthens,
Till the sun sinks down sublime.

WIESLAW.

I.

Old Stanislaw came from his chamber-door,
His wife upon his arm,—two bags he bore;
Whence thrice a hundred florins he told o'er,
And said, "Take these, my Wiesław, and depart;
And bring a pair of steeds from Cracow's mart;—

A well-match'd pair.—My son was slain in fight,
And grief and grievous age o'erpower me quite:
I've none to trust but thee, the prop, the stay
Of my old house. When I have pass'd away,
Be thou its head;—and if (Heaven grant the prayer!)
My daughter e'er should win thy love, thy care,—
Twelve years—rare beauty—thou mayst wait:—my tongue
Must not betray my heart;—but *thou* art young."
"Yes! yes!" cried Bronislawa, "'t is for thee
I watch and train the maiden tenderly."
(She smoothed Bronika's cheeks while this she said;
And deeply blush'd the young and simple maid.)
"I have no sweeter thoughts for her;—and this
Were the full spring-tide of a mother's bliss;
O! I was twice a mother. God above!
Can I weep out the memory of *her* love?
The fifth fruit scarce had blossom'd;—*she* was reft,
And not a solitary vestige left.
Twelve wintry winds have stripp'd the forest tree,
And still her visions haunt that memory,
When war had ravaged Poland,—when its brands
Fired our low cots, and razed our smiling lands,—

When even the forests perish'd in the blaze,
And terror like a whirlwind met the gaze,
As if all heaven were frowning;—overturn'd
Our houses; rooted up, and tore, and burn'd
Our sheltering woods;—'t was as if judgement-day
Had gather'd all its terrors o'er our way.
Midst sobs and sighs and shrieks and wailings loud,
Through the wild tempest of the fiery cloud,
Our peasants rush'd to save us; while the foe
Fed upon plunder, scattering fear and woe.
Our father's cottage in the smoke-clouds fell,—
And that beloved child,—O horrible!
That sweet, soft maiden, disappear'd;—no trace
Was left;—'t was all a bare and blazing place:—
I sought her through the villages and woods:
There was no voice in all their solitudes.
No! she was lost for ever! as a stone
Into th' unfathom'd trackless ocean thrown;
And I found nought but silence. Year by year
The harvest maidens wreath'd with flowers appear,—
But she appears not;—O! she is not there.
Heaven's will shall be Heaven's praise.—I fix'd on thee,
My son, her representative to be.

Thou wert an orphan, and of old 't was said,
That he who housed a homeless orphan's head
Should ne'er want comfort;—and perchance my child
May yet have found a home,—and 'neath the mild
And holy smile of a maternal eye
May dwell with other children joyously.
So have I train'd thee,—so have I fulfill'd
A mother's duties,—and my grief was still'd,
With thoughts that mercy should for mercy pay;
For Heaven's rewards flit o'er our earthly way
In strange and wandering light. Perchance the mound
Lies on her head o'er the dark grave profound,
While her freed spirit in the realms of rest
Sits dove-like on the Heavenly Mother's[1] breast;
And thence by prayers and tears on our abode
Sends down the smiles of angels and of God."
She could no more;—her cheeks were drench'd in tears,—
Tears,—the prompt eloquence of hopes and fears;
Her daughter's heart seem'd bursting.—Tears deny
Their soothing influence to man's sterner eye.

[1] The Virgin Mary.

So Stanislaw, whose soul was full as hers,
Cried, "God in heaven directs weak man's affairs,
God, whose all-penetrating sight can rend
The curtains of all time and space;—a friend
And ever-present Father. None too mean
For his regards,—he rules o'er all unseen.
Let grief give way to pious confidence!
Provide for Wieslaw now, and speed him hence,
And give him counsel and thy blessing;—youth
Is ever hasty. Boy! some pledge of truth
Thou 'lt bring to thy betroth'd."—In reverence meet
He bow'd, and then embraced the old man's feet;
Then pass'd the threshold, grateful to high Heaven,
Who to the orphan such kind friends had given.

II.

Sweet evening with its twilight bathed the earth,
And lo! the gladdening sounds of village mirth
Fell upon Wieslaw's ear, as home he rode
Upon his new-bought steeds,—the shouts were loud,
And gay the music;—swift the horses speed:
He saw the bride-maids sporting in the mead,

All crown'd with myrtle garlands. Youths around
Stamp'd their steel heels upon the echoing ground [1],
Then sprung to greet the stranger. First of all
The *Starost* [2] spoke: "'T is well to claim, and call
A stranger, friend: from Proszow welcome thou;
Despise not the kind thoughts that hail thee now.
Come, share our joys,—the joys which time and toil,
And God's good blessing, and our flowery soil
Confer;—and thou Cracovia's maids shalt see,
Their dances, dresses, and festivity.
Come, join their sports; though thou art tired, perchance
Thy weariness may fly at beauty's glance,
For thou art young." The fair Halina,—fair
As morning,—she the queen, the day-star there,
Approach'd;—she blush'd, she blush'd, but nearer drew,
And proffer'd cakes and fruits of varied hue
From her own basket:—"Stranger, deign to share
Our fruits, our bread, our unpretending fare."

[1] To stamp with the feet is the accompaniment of the Cracowiak dance.

[2] The head of the wedding festival.

The stranger's vivid eye towards her turn'd,
And with a magic smiling brightness burn'd;
Aye! from that very moment eye and soul
Were spell-bound by that simple maid's control,
And joyous sped he to the dance. The band
Of youth, with wine-fill'd goblets in their hand,
Bid him a welcome; and the Starost's word
Thus order'd:—"Let precedence be conferr'd
Upon the stranger. Let him choose the song;
Be his to lead the mazy dance along.
Let him select a maiden,—courtesy
Must on the stranger wait,—and this is he."
Wiesław had seized her hand whose eye had shed
On him a heavenly influence, and he led
Halina forth,—a long and laughing train
Of youths and maidens to the music's strain
Beat their responsive feet,—and heel on heel,
Like flitting shadows on the waters, steal.

His hands were on his belted girdle, while
He gaily danced in that bright maiden's smile:
Into the viol silver coins he threw,
And bowing to the seated sires, anew

Struck with his foot the ground, and lower'd his head,
And thus pour'd forth his music to the maid:

"Beautiful damsel! often I
Have seen what seem'd almost divine,
But never brightness like thine eye,
But never charms, sweet maid! like thine.

Look on my face, and see, and see,
As my warm heart to Heaven is known,
How that fond heart would spring to thee,
And blend its passions with thine own."

Again he led the maiden forth, and danced
Like a young god by joy and love entranced;
Again the gladdening peals of music rang,
Again he stopp'd, and bow'd, and sweetly sang:

"O! had I known thee in the plain
Where Proszow rears his forest shades;
I should have been most blest of men,
Thou, happiest of Cracovian maids.

The blood that flows within our veins
Can all our fond desires enthrall :
Man plants and waters, toils and pains,
But God in heaven disposes all."

With dancing step before the youth she flew,
With joyous ecstasy his steps pursue.
Again he takes her hand, and smiles ;—again
His thrilling lips resume the raptured strain :—

" O fly not, fly not, maid divine !
My life, my chosen one, art thou ;
My heart shall be thine own bright shrine,
And never lose thine image now.

So in the solitary wood
The little warbler finds its rest ;
And consecrates its solitude,
And makes its own, its homely nest."

Now in his turn before the maid he flies,
And she to track his footsteps gaily hies :
He stops, and laughs ;—again his lips repeat
Words of light eloquence to music sweet :—

" Gospodar [1]! I have dearly bought
My steeds;—my money all away;—
Perplex'd and pain'd my rambling thought,
And my poor heart is led astray.

But wake, O wake the song!—despair
And darkness gather o'er my mind:
I seek my home;—my body there
I drag,—my soul remains behind."

She stretch'd her hand;—again he sings,—the throng
Of youth hangs raptured on his ardent song.
Strike up, musicians!—'T was too late; for they
Had sunk to rest beneath sleep's lulling sway:
And now Halina fled;—her blush to hide
She sought the village matrons' sheltering side:
And Wiesław to the Starost and to these
Made many a bow, and utter'd courtesies;
And many a whisper fell. And late and long
He linger'd midst the hospitable throng;
Linger'd until the bride-day whitening fell
In twilight on the hills,—then said Farewell!

[1] Landlord.

His ears were full of music and of mirth,
His heart seem'd big with thoughts, yet void with dearth:
One thought in varied imagery was there,
One all-possessing thought,—the thought of her.

III.

Wiesław o'er the field, the waste, the wood,
Sped swiftly; yet his bosom's solitude
And his love-grief were with him:—for when love
Is seated in the heart, no thoughts can move,
No reason drive it thence. And now should he
Divulge his love, or fan it secretly?
He would tell all to Stanislaw. He rode
To the court-yard, and to his loved abode
Was warmly welcomed by th' expectant crowd;
Sire, mother, daughter,—some with voices loud,
And some with silent smiles. They smooth'd his horse,
And tied him to the hedge; and praised of course
His bargains, and his quick return. The steeds
Old Stanislaw with looks approving leads

To their appointed stall;—but first his care
Bids Bronislaw a homely feast prepare.
And Wieslaw reach'd the cot, and seated him
Pensively. "Art thou ill?—thine eyes are dim!"
Inquired the anxious women. No word pass'd
His lips: he stretch'd his hand, and gave at last
A present to Bronika:—still he kept
Silence. Just then a curious neighbour stept
Over the threshold,—it was John, the seer
Of all the village, and though learned—dear:
Prudent in counsel he; yet free and gay,
He sway'd the peasants, but with gentlest sway:
Honest and wise in thought,—in language wise.
Yet why does gloom hang thick on Wieslaw's eyes?
The father came, and all were seated round
Their sober meal;—John's jests and jokes abound.
Yet Bronislaw could only dream and guess
What Wieslaw's silence meant. "O now confess,
Confess what clouds thy heart and stills thy tongue,
For gloom and silence ill become the young;
Thou 'rt brooding on some grief." The words pierced through
His heart;—his cheeks were stain'd with roseate hue;

O'erpower'd he fell at Bronislawa's feet.
" Yes! I will speak,—say all. Indeed 't is meet
To veil no thoughts from aged friends; for they
May guide the wandering youth that walks astray,
With words of wisdom. Better I had ne'er
Left this kind home, your kindness and your care.
Content I walk'd behind your cheerful plough,
And never knew the war of grief—till now.
But man can only travel in the road,
Or smooth or rough, which is mark'd out by God.
His oracles are swift as rays of light,—
Unseen as spirit,—unopposed in might.—
I pass'd a village, where a maiden stole
My heart, and charm'd my senses and my soul,
And holds them now. My parents rest in heaven;
You to the orphan a kind home have given—
A shelter to the orphan's misery:
Yes! you unbarr'd your friendly gates to me;—
Repent not now your kindness and your love.
Ye taught me toil, and fear of God above;
And gave your only daughter, a wreath'd[1] bride,
To hang with fondness on the orphan's side:

[1] Wreath'd—affianced. A wreath is synonymous with a dower.

Even when I rock'd her in her cradle, ye
Have often said, 'That babe thy wife shall be!'—
And am I then ungrateful? Is my heart,
My obdurate heart, of stone, that thus would part
Your hopes, my dreams?—Nay! let me, let me speak,
For love is strong, and language is but weak:
Why must I grieve ye!—why my shame declare?
No longer can I claim your fostering care;
For I must dwell with strangers. Come what may,
I cannot live where that fair maid's away;—
I hate myself; I 'm useless to mankind;—
Give me your blessing. Let me leave behind
Eternal gratitude. Your blessing give;
For who beneath a patron's curse could live?
Farewell! and God shall judge us." Tears of woe
Good Bronislawa's aged eyes o'erflow.
The old man bends his head,—but not t' approve,—
And utters these sad words of solemn love:
" 'T was on thy father's death-bed that he gave
Thee to my care,—and then he sought his grave;
And from that hour I loved thee tenderly:
Yes! nothing was more dear than thou to me.
Know'st thou old age is on me; and canst thou
Leave me to struggle with its miseries now,

And rush upon life's perils?—quit the cot
Where sorrow and unkindness enter not;—
Quit every future hope—O if thou go,
Thou shalt bear with thee shame and tears and woe!
Thine is a dangerous course:—I cannot say
'God bless thee!' Stay, my best-loved Wiesław, stay!"
All wept, except the village seer. His head
He wisely shook, and thus he gaily said:
"How can the old man understand the young?
Freedom is in their heart, and on their tongue
Sweet change; tempt them with love, with riches' cares,
Still they look further,—for the world is theirs:
For them restraint is weariness and woe;
And as the spring-bird scours the meadows, so—
Proud, free and gay, rejoicing in his might,
O'er rivers, woods, and cliffs he takes his flight,
Until attracted by some gentle strain,
He seeks the green and leafy woods again,
And by his mate reposes. Such the laws
Which nature round the star of youth-time draws.
In vain you stop his course,—and why should he
Be check'd, when God and nature made him free!

He holds no influence o'er Bronika's doom;
'T is mutual love makes happy wedlock bloom:
She is a lovely floweret, to be placed
On some fair stranger's bosom.—Father, haste
And give thy blessing to thy son;—for each
Should seize the bliss that grows within his reach."
To whom old Stanislaw,—" Not so! not so!
I cannot let my son, my Wiesław go:
Thou 'rt full of knowledge; but thou canst not know
A father's fondness, and a father's woe,
When the dear object of his grief, his cares,—
With whom he lived, and loved, and labour'd,—tears
His heart away, and leaves a dark abode
The once love-lighted dwelling where he trod;—
Forgetting all—all, e'en the tears they pour'd
In solitude,—while at a stranger's board
The daughter sits. O no! I long had dream'd
Of bliss to come,—and sweet and bright it seem'd
To think her mother, when death's curtain fell
Upon my silent grave, in peace should dwell
In her own cottage:—but 't was vain to build
Such visions;—Be the will of Heaven fulfill'd!
Go—with my blessing, Wiesław—go; let John
Escort thee, counsel thee;—Heaven's will be done!

Go to thy loved-one's dwelling.—If the maid
And the maid's friends consent love's wreaths to braid,
Then bring her hither;—John thy guide shall be,[1]
And she be welcomed when betroth'd to thee."

So John and Wiesław left their home at length:
And Wiesław, sped by love and youthful strength,
Flew o'er the mountains, through the fields and dells,
And reach'd the dwelling where the maiden dwells;
While thus beneath her window, where they stood,
Their strains of music on her ear intrude:

"The beds are cover'd with flowerets sweet,
And rue and rosemary bloom in pride;
A garland lies in the window-seat,
And a maid walks forth to be a bride.

"A youth from a distant land will come,
And soon to the maiden's parents speak;
The daughter will pluck the flowers that bloom,
And swiftly another mother seek.

[1] It is the custom in Poland for the young man who asks a maid in marriage to take the most venerable of his friends to plead for him. He is called the *Swat*. The ceremony of betrothing follows, and rings are pledged in exchange.

" O rosemary! wear thy gems of blue,
And garland once more the maiden's brow;
And wake again, thou emerald rue,
For none shall water thy springing now.

" The cottage is neat, though poor it be,
The blessing of God beams bright on care,
The magpie cries on the old elm-tree,
And the maid in her morning robes is there.

" Awake, and open!—the guests draw nigh,
O welcome them in a day like this;
Receive the strangers cordially,
They come to shed and to share in bliss."

The mother from her spindle rose, and drew
The bolt,—the creaking door wide open flew;
Old John and youthful Wiesław entered then,—
Wiesław of giant height and noble mien,
Whose head reach'd e'en the ceiling. Jadwicz said,
" Welcome, our guests! Sit down and rest, and spread
The news ye bring." Next came the bright-eyed maid,
Blushing, yet bending like a flower that's weigh'd

By heavy dews. John hail'd her: "Maiden, stay!
Those rosy cheeks an old man's toils shall pay."
Then she blush'd deeper, and from Wiesław took
His travelling-basket, and his travelling-crook
From the good sire;—she drew the settle near,
And bid them rest; while whispering in her ear
Jadwicz gave speedy orders: "Light the hearth,
Prepare the meal." While with a smile of mirth
The old man said, "I would not now transgress
The customs of our fathers,—I confess
I love old usages;—so with your leave,
An' ye will lend your goblets, and receive
A draught from our own flagon, I will pledge
My landlady, for wine gives wit its edge;
It cheers and it emboldens; tears the veil
That hides the heart, and bids us see and feel:
And, as when children in the crystal brook
Upon their own, their very image look,—
So the red wine 's the mirror where we see
Our very souls. The honey-gathering bee
Is a bright emblem of our cares; he goes
Busy o'er all-providing earth, and shows
What order, care and zeal can do;—in spring,
From fragrant flowers and orchards blossoming

To his hive-brothers bears the gather'd stores:
So in his maiden's lap the fond youth pours
His passions, his affections. How sincere
Is the pure offering of a villager,
Who offers honest, ardent love! The bee
Its emblem,—labour,—concord,—purity."
The mother reach'd the goblets. John's discourse
Delighted all; for in it shone the force
Of a clear intellect, which God had given.
He had bound many ties, and had made even
Many strange odds;—at every wedding feast
He was the *Starost*, and of course the guest:
And hundred children call'd him 'Father;' he
Call'd every happy home his family;—
And he was always welcome. Now he took
The goblet in his hand, and o'er it shook
The liquid honey [1]. "Take it, gentle maid!
It grew in distant fields," he smiling said:

[1] Mead is a national beverage of the Poles, and has been so for many centuries. The best is made in the month of July when the lime-trees are in flower, at which period the honey is called *Lipiec*. Kowno, on the banks of the Niemen, is particularly renowned for its honey.

" Take it, for thou deservest all that 's sweet
And beautiful in life." Her glances meet
Her mother's eye, and with averted look
'Neath her white apron hid [1], the maiden took
One solitary drop. The rest, old John
Drank to the dregs;—while like a summer dawn
That brightens into light with blushing hue,
The maiden stood; and the old man anew
Thus said: " The maiden's silence speaks; and now
I 'll turn me to her mother:—Wayward youth,
Both blind and passionate, wants our guide: in truth
It cannot penetrate futurity,
But hangs on love, and trusts to destiny.
Let 's lead them then,—they wander far astray;
We 'll take their hands, and guide them on their way,
And watch their happiness,—foresee, control
Their path; and God, who watches o'er the whole,
Will turn all ill to good.—You see the son
Of honest sires,—though they, alas! are gone,
And sleep beneath the turf;—yet other sires
Have, pity-touch'd, fann'd all affection's fires,

[1] The Polish peasants always turn away and cover their faces when they drink in the presence of others.

And taught him virtue. They have given him
food;
Trained him, an orphan, to be wise and good;
To labour, to obey them,—in the fear
Of God and duty. He became so dear,
They call'd him 'Son;' they made him jointly heir:
And well he has repaid their pious care:
Their harvests go not from the scythe to seek
The tavern;—Sunday wastes not what the week
Has earn'd;—God's blessing smiles upon their way.
Rich wheat is gather'd from their cultured clay;
Their fields are white with sheep, and full their stall:
They have four steeds that bear to Cracow all
The produce of their land.—From them I come,
And ask yon maid to decorate their home.
Her, Wiesław saw, and seeing, flew, and pray'd
Their sanction to espouse that blushing maid.
And Stanislaw has sent me to demand
From thee, from her, the lovely damsel's hand.
He said, 'Go bring her here;—his guide be thou;
She shall be welcome if she love him now.'
Now, mother, thou hast heard me. Give the maid,
And heaven shall blessings with new blessing
braid;

I 'll praise the youth, though he be here,—though praise
Too oft beguiles us, and too oft betrays.
They deem too easily to win their end;
And counsel hurts, and kind reproofs offend.
Wiesław was modest and laborious;—still
He sometimes was a Szpak[1], and had his will;
He once stopp'd even the Wojewode: his delight
Has been to revel in an inn at night;
And he has driven (O sin!) th' imperial troops,
Cesarskie Woiaki[2] thence; and at the loops
And sandals of the wandering highlanders[3]
He grinn'd and laugh'd till his mouth reach'd his ears:—
He was a sad wild fellow, but he grew
With time both wiser and sedater too:
For as in spring the swelling stream rolls by,
Foams, dashes o'er its borders furiously,
Then flowing further glides serenely on;
So youth is gay and wild, till youth is gone;

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[1] *Starling*:—a bold noisy fellow.

[2] Austrian soldiers.

[3] *Gorale*:—the mountaineers of Carpatia.

Till taught by thick anxieties and years,
It sheds the excess of blossoms which it bears,
And, shaken by the winds of want and woe,
Its flowers drop off upon the sod below.
And he has known the smiles and frowns of Heaven;
To him has sorrow all its lessons given:
And now to crown his blessings, he requires
A good and steady wife; and his desires
Upon Halina dwell;—with her the rest
Of life shall all be tranquillized and blest.
My mission is discharged;—Behold my son!
Give a kind ear to Wiesław—I have done."
The observant maiden stood aside; and traced
Each shadowing thought and secret jest that pass'd
Across the good man's mind and countenance:
He could not, would not wound her,—for his glance
Had watch'd the influence of each playful word.
But Wiesław bow'd in silence, and he pour'd
A stream of suppliant tears, that said, "Forbear!"
Then there was silence,—silence everywhere,—
Till a full torrent o'er Halina's cheeks
Pour'd,—as when many a pregnant spring-cloud breaks

Over the Vistula, and flowers are dew'd
With freshen'd joy; while the bright sun renew'd,
Towers glorious o'er the mountains. So the eyes
Of the fond children sparkled;—with surprise
And with delight the mother watch'd them—proud
And joyful. But some gloomy memories crowd
Upon her thoughts;—Halina, she had nought;
Nor dower, nor parents, nor parental cot,
Nor hope of wealth;—so Jadwicz heaved her breast,
And thus spoke frankly to her listening guest:—
"There is a God in heaven who judges all;
He tries us when we rise, and when we fall:
And raising or depressing, his decrees
Follow our deeds, and guide us as they please.
Halina is an orphan! at my side
E'en from her childhood wonted to abide.
The sun has risen on our abode; its fire
Is far too bright;—for how should she aspire,—
She, a poor maid,—to wed the wealthy son
Of a rich peasant!—father she has none,—
No friends,—not one,—to counsel or to care.
O noble youth! may God reward thee here,
Thy generous heart—this kind design;—yet tell
This story of Halina,—and farewell!

When Poland's crown was by disasters rent,
My husband and my brothers swiftly went,
Though arm'd with scythes alone, our land to save;—
But they return'd not,—they but found a grave.
The cruel stranger all our country razed,
Our palaces destroy'd,—our village blazed.
How dreadful is the memory of that day;
E'en now the thought is death! We fled away,—
Old men, young mothers,—to the blazing woods,
That scared us from their frightful solitudes.
O 't was a hideous—'t was a hideous sight;
When life's last beam went out and all was night;
Till blazed for leagues the horrid flames again;
Children and mothers straggled o'er the plain:
I saw them, and I wept,—I look'd, and wept
Till tears had dimm'd my sight. A child had crept
Tremulous to my side;—I seized it,—press'd
The trembling little orphan to my breast,
And ask'd its name, its parentage, its home.
It answer'd not; it knew not: it had come
(So said the sobbing child) from fire and flame;
But it knew not its nation, nor its name;
Strangers had led it thither:—and no more
The infant said. I seized the child; though poor—

I was a mother once;—I thought of God,
And led the orphan to my mean abode,
And watch'd it;—and her smiles, her toils repaid,
Ten-fold repaid, the sacrifice I made.
She grew—industrious, healthy, prudent, fair:
And we have toil'd together many a year,
With self-same wants and with the self-same care.
We bore our mutual poverty, and smiled,
Though to a stranger's borrow'd cot exiled,—
Nothing possessing. Soon our wealth increased;
Two cows, one heifer, and six sheep at least
Were our own store;—at last, by care and toil,
We won an interest in our country's soil;
We sow'd our land with flax,—at night we span
For raiment,—and the remnants soon began
A little pile for age;—and so we pass
Our life away. We have our morning mass,
Our joyous evening sports; and once a year
Our merry carnival,—but not for her,—
The rings are bought, the wreaths are wov'n for them
Whom fortune crowns with her own diadem,—
But not for her! An orphan,—how should she
Attract the wealthy, or enchain the free?

She has no parent,—has no dower. If Heaven
Shed down its light, O be its blessings given
To no unthankful bosom!—but while I
Shall live, Halina may not, cannot fly."
Hot tears broke forth, and show'd the pangs she felt,
While the fair maid before her mother knelt,
And clasp'd her knees:—"Dear mother! mother, thou—
Thou art my dower, my wreath, my all things now!
Though mines of gold were mine; though castles fair,
And silken wardrobes; yet wert thou not there,
All would be nought;—without thee, all appears
A blank,—and life's bright charms a scene of tears."

And so in silence they embraced. A gleam
Pass'd through the old man's mind as in a dream;
Then fix'd itself in light:—his raptured soul
Look'd through the future's maze, and saw the whole
Future in glory. Struggling thoughts broke through
His changed regards, betraying half he knew;—

And Wiesław fain would speak; but John imposed
Peace, and thus spoke:—"The Almighty has disclosed
His purpose, and inspires me. Now I see
His brightness beaming through the mystery.
Mother, confide in my advice,—sincere,
And from the soul. Go, summon swiftly here
A carriage and two steeds; we will repay
The service nobly,—for we must away,
We must away,—the hour of joy is come;—
Halina shall be welcomed to our home."

And swiftly, white with foam, the horses fly,
And forests, meadows, bridges, plains, run by.
But all are sad and pensive—all but John,—
The proverbs, jokes and tales are his alone.
The maiden veil'd her eyes in doubt and dread;
He fann'd his growing joy though hid, and said
To his own heart, "How blest, how sweet to bring
Bliss to two houses!" Now the lime-trees fling
Their lengthen'd shadows o'er the road,—the ridge
Of the brown forest, like a heavenly bridge,
Shines with pure light. The breezes blew like balm,
And the fair morning dawns serene and calm.

They hasten'd towards the village;—but a while
They tarried,—marshy pools for many a mile
The path impeded;—those on foot may make
In one short hour their way; equestrians take
Three hours at least. On foot they gaily bound:
The carriage raised the dust, and hurried round.
What joy, what gladness lights Halina's eye!
Why talks she now so gay and sportively!
They cross the planks,—the brush-wood maze they thread,
The sheep and shepherds play upon the mead:
She listen'd to the artless pipe; her ear
Appear'd enchanted. Was it that her dear,
And now far dearer Wiesław had pourtray'd
This scene, when singing to the enamour'd maid?
John watch'd her looks intensely.—Was the scene
One where her early infant steps had been?
Now rose the village steeple to the view;
The vesper-bells peal'd loudly o'er the dew[1]:
They fell upon their knees in that sweet place;
The sun-set rays glanced on Halina's face,

[1] The Poles believe that the bells peal more loudly while the dew is falling.

And she look'd like an angel. Every vein
Thrill'd with the awaken'd thoughts of youth again,
And longings which could find no words. The bell
Had burst the long-lock'd portals of the cell
Of memory; and mysterious visitings,
And melancholy joy, and shadowy things
Flitted across her soul, and flush'd her cheek,
Where tear-drops gather'd. To a mountain peak
They came;—the village burst upon their view.
They saw the shepherds lead their cattle through
The narrow bridge; the ploughmen gaily sped
From labour's cares, to labour's cheerful bed.
The village like a garden rear'd its head,
Where many a cottage-sheltering orchard spread;
The smoke rose 'midst the trees; the village spire
Tower'd meekly, yet in seeming reverence, higher
Than the high trees. The yew-trees in their gloom
Hung pensive over many a peasant's tomb;
And still the bells were pealing, which had toll'd
O'er generations mouldering and enroll'd
In death's long records. While they look'd, old John
Bent on his stick, and said "Look, maiden, on
Our village:—doth it please thee? Wiesław's cot

Is nigh at hand." She heard, but answer'd not:
Her looks were fix'd upon one only spot;—
Her bosom heaved, her lips were dried, her eye
Spoke the deep reverie's intensity.
Remembrance of some joy had bound her soul:
She breathed not, but moved on;—a cottage wall
Soon caught her eye, and near, a cross appear'd:
'T was ivy-clad and crumbling;—for 't was rear'd
In the old time;—a willow-tree, a sod,
Where the gay children of the village trod
On holidays, were there. She could no more:
She dropp'd o'erpower'd upon the grassy floor,
And cried, "O God! O God!—'t was here, 't was here
I lived! Where is my mother? Tell me, where?
If she be dead, I 'll seek her grave, and weep
My orphan soul away to rouse from sleep
Her blessed form.—'T was here I play'd of old;—
'T was here I gather'd flowers:—but I behold
My mother's cot no longer,—thought flies o'er
Its memory;—but that cot exists no more!"

John answer'd thus: "The God who shelter'd thee,
Shelter'd thy parents;—when the misery

Of that fierce war was over, they return'd,
And joy beam'd o'er the fields where they had
mourn'd.
They lost their cot, they lost their child; but Heaven
Their dwelling and their daughter now hath given;
And they shall take thee to their longing arms.
Thank God, who saved thee from all hurts and harms,
Who, when thy helplessness had lost a mother,
Gave thee with generous tenderness another,
And now restores thee to thine own." She knelt,
And clasp'd his knees, while luxury's tear-drops melt
Into the light of joy. And one by one
They enter'd the court-yard; but all were gone
Forth to the fruitful fields. Halina's eye
Wander'd some old memorials to descry,
And grew impatient. Soon the sire appears
With his sharp scythe; and next his wife, who bears
A truss of clover for the stall. Before
Ran young Bronika, gaily turning o'er
A basket of blue corn-flowers; with her hand
Beckoning, she bid her parents understand
That guests were come. "Go," said old John, "my
boy,
And tell your happy parents all your joy."

And what fond welcome sprung from breast to breast,
How oft they kiss'd each other; how they prest
Bosom to bosom, heart to heart; what greeting,
What questions, answers, thanks, engaged that meeting;
And how the laughing neighbours gather'd round,
And how Bronika full of rapture, bound
Her sister to her soul,—for though she ne'er
Had known her loss, her gain she felt,—I fear
No words of mine can compass. Could I speak,
Your hearts in sympathy would almost break
With the bright joy:—but ye have souls to feel,
And they will vibrate to love's proud appeal.
Yes! ye have hearts, with which ye may confer,
And they shall be my best interpreter.

LACH SZYRMA.

LACH SZYRMA.

THE WENDISH POSTILLION.

Across Lusatia's sandy plains
A youth both fair and gay
Drove on, and rung his cheerful horn
For pastime on his way.

And oft he tuned his horn; but still
The self-same notes he play'd;
And yet no griefs have dimm'd his smile,
Though cares his heart invade.

" But why repeat the self-same song,
With an unvarying tone;—
Has music in this land, but one,
But one sweet voice alone?"

' O many a song we sing; for songs
Bring rapture to the breast:—

But one is dearer far than all,—
Far dearer than the rest.'

"Why round thy hat these roses red,
Flowers of unvaried hue;
O tell me in what garden fair
These lovely roses grew?"

'O, all our fields are full of flowers;—
With flowers we deck the maid;
With roses wreath the lover's brow,
And gird the infant's head.'

"And well the rose becomes thy youth."
'T was gather'd by my fair.'
"And sweetly dost thou sing thy song."
'My maiden taught the air.'

So spoke the youth, while blushes deep
Across his warm cheeks roved;
He turn'd away his bright blue eyes,
And sigh'd to her he loved.

Again he waked the notes;—they roll'd
Through glade and grove along:
How blest our maiden's rose to wear,
And sing our maiden's song!

Juz' moy cisak osiodlany
Do tesci jadc, w goscinc,.

"My nut-brown steed is saddled now,
And to thy mother's home I go:
Bright smiles are on the morning's brow;—
Farewell, Halina! sigh not so."

Fair as the dawn she look'd;—she held
A laughing babe,—'midst tears that burn'd,
The infant's kiss her kiss impell'd:
To heaven her looks, her prayers were turn'd.

"O bless him—bless us—God above!
His guard, his comfort ever be.
My Zdanek, tarry not, my love!
Nay! leave me not to mourn for thee."

The babe he turn'd his eyes of blue
To heaven,—while tears were on his cheek;
His little hands he folded too,
And lisp'd the prayer he could not speak.

It said: "The weak look up to God,
Who is both merciful and strong;
O leave not long thy loved abode,
Nor us to mourn thy absence long."

And he has cross'd his nut-brown steed,
Which anxious eyes and hearts pursue,
And hies o'er many a hill and mead,
Till lost amidst the misty dew.

And weary days and nights he pass'd,
Till the sweet welcome and caress
His wish'd-for advent met at last,
While round the warm inquirers press.

"All's well! all happy! I and mine;
Our friends with cordial wishes greet:

And, mother! let all bliss be thine;
We lay us at thy honour'd feet[1]."

Joy sparkled in his mother's eye,—
Bright joy that glitter'd in a tear:
Again she press'd him tenderly,
And left him to his slumbers there.

He should have slumber'd; but repose
Fled from him: and ere morning broke,
From a dream-troubled bed he rose
Disconsolate, and thus he spoke:

"Mother! I dreamt a dream. There flew
A hive in separate swarms afar:
My wedding-ring was rent in two,
And on me dropp'd a falling star."

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[1] In Poland the marks of reverence were patriarchal. The child embraced the knees of its parents; and the language is yet retained, though the custom is nearly lost. *Upadam do nog*, (I fall at your feet,) is an accustomed salutation; and to this hour the peasants, as a token of submission, profess to touch with their hands the knees of their lords.

'Saddle thy horse, my son! begone!
There 's woe at hand;—away! away!
Thou 'rt mark'd for many griefs, and none
Canst thou escape;—no longer stay.

'The separate bee-swarms are of pain,
Two separate sources flowing on;
The wedding-ring that snapp'd in twain,
Means, broken vows and promise gone.

'The falling star that left the sky
In the still eve, proclaims, that soon
A human spirit shall flit by,
And sink and vanish in its noon.

'On, courser, on!' his fierce career
Is swift as light;—no rest between.
"Where is Halina,—tell me where?"
'Dead, dead!—her grave is fresh and green.'

Upon that grave an infant stood,
Planting young flowers;—the thirsty ground
Wet with his tears of solitude,
And gentle breezes laugh'd around.

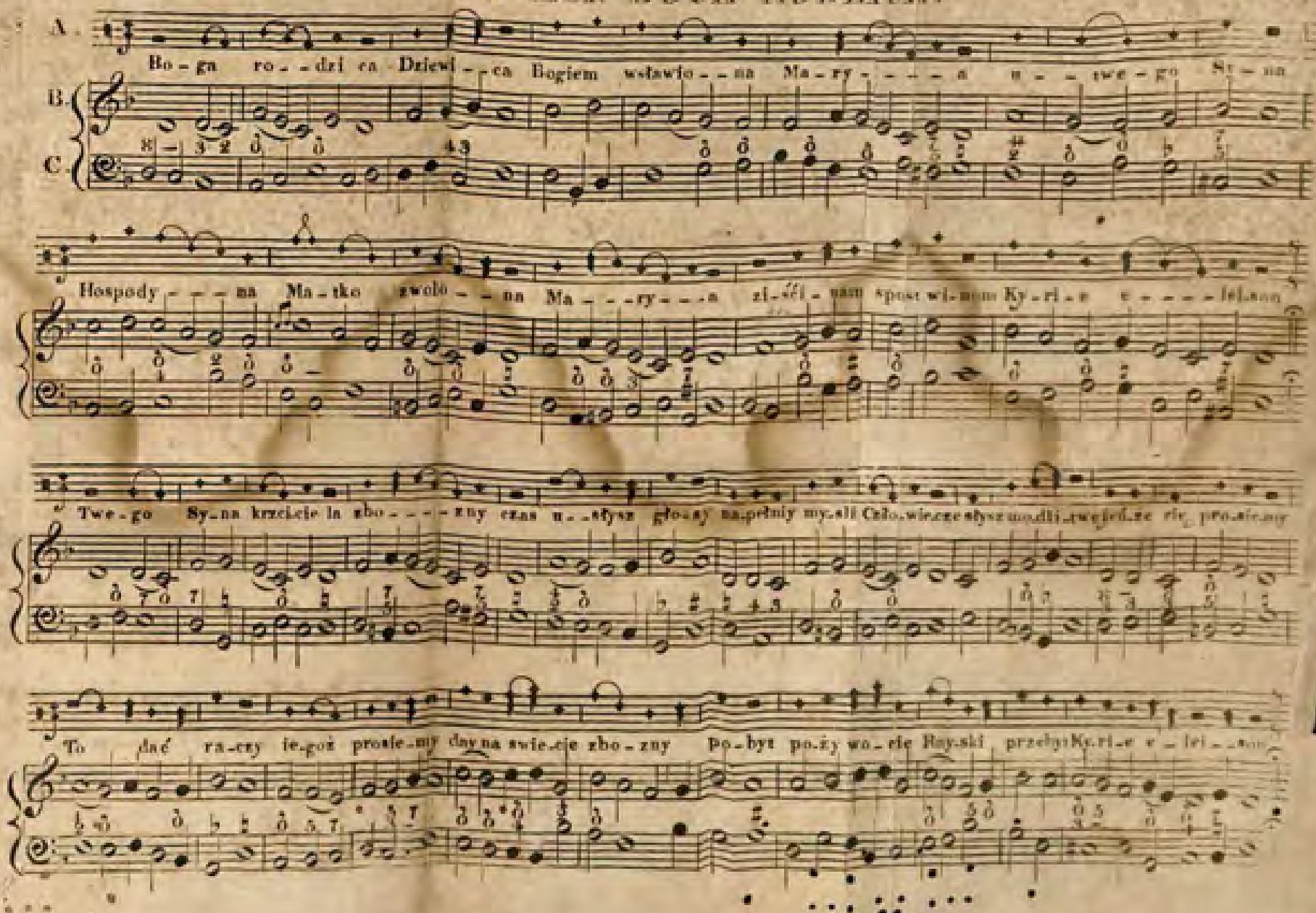
" O father! said I not, that God,
Though we are weak, is wise and strong?
Long didst thou leave thy loved abode,
And we have mourn'd thy absence long.

" Here, here she sleeps,—'t was here they made
My mother's grave; and this the way
She took to heaven,—and oft she said
'Thou must not stay,—he must not stay.'

" Hither I come to wait her call,
And watch her solitary tomb;
Sweet flowers I scatter on her pall,
Sweet flowers which perish in their bloom."

THE END.

Printed by Richard Taylor,
Shoe-Lane, London.

PIEŚŃ BOGA RODZICA.

A.
B.
C.
Bo-gu ro--dzi-ca Dziewi--ca Bogiem wsławio--na Ma-ry-----a u--swe-go Sy-na
Hospody---na Ma-tko zwolo--na Ma----ry---a zi-śći-nam spost wi-nem Ky-ri-e e-----lei-son
Twe-go Sy-na kreciejo-ia zbo-----zny czas u--słysz głosy napełniy my-śli Cało-wiecze słysz modli-zwo-jed-ze cię pro-sie-my
To dać ra-czy ie-goż prosie-my day na swie-cie zbo-zny po-byt po-ży wa-cie Bay-ski przebyć Ky-ri-e e-lei--son

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 17 February, 2016